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ROGER WILKINS: BUSH AND THE POOR
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WILL WE END THE COLD WAR?

THE NEXT PRESIDENT'S HISTORIC OPPORTUNITY

Stephen F. Cohen

The next American President will have both a historic opportunity and an obligation to end the decades-long cold war between the United States and the Soviet Union. The opportunity already awaits him in Moscow—in the anti-cold war thinking and foreign policy reforms adopted by Mikhail Gorbachev since he was chosen Soviet leader in 1985. If the President lacks the vision and courage to seize the opportunity, he will be neglecting the best interests of the United States.

That is because the cold war, with the U.S.-Soviet arms race as its most characteristic expression, has become the greatest threat to America's national interests in two profound ways. Above all, it threatens our national survival. As Carl Sagan has aptly said, since 1945 "the United States and the Soviet Union have booby-trapped the planet with almost 60,000 nuclear weapons," far more than enough to destroy every city on earth and "probably enough to destroy the

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LETTERS.

AS IF PEOPLE MATTERED

Burlington, Vt.

Regarding Kirkpatrick Sale's "Deep Ecology and Its Critics" [May 14]: It would astonish me if enlightened people today could remain silent when a body of views is expressed that openly welcomes the AIDS epidemic, Ethiopian famines and restrictions on the immigration of fleeing Central Americans in the name of "population control" and that, to add insult to injury, views the presence of Latin immigrants as a sinister danger to our "northern European" culture (read: Aryan?). Yet it is precisely such a body of views that certain deep ecologists have expressed, often in a very crass form in *Earth First!*, and that Kirkpatrick Sale has defended in the name of the "primacy of wilderness," "opposition to industrial society," "opposition to [Earth] stewardship," "identification with primal peoples," "spirituality" and, of course, "self-realization." For Sale to slough off the ugly side of deep ecology, with its revival of Malthusianism, its crude sociobiology and its politics of quietism in which we are enjoined to "think like a mountain," is like dealing with the premises of a very important position without exploring its logical, often inevitable, conclusions, despite the virtues of wilderness and primal peoples.

Deep ecology is becoming one of the most pernicious ideologies to invade the ecology movement in the United States. It crudely reduces a specious "humanity"—one that is sharply divided by conflicting gender differences, classes, hierarchies, races and subcultures—to a vague "species." This "species," or ecumenical "we," divested of all social qualities, is collectively responsible for the present ecological crisis, as a leading deep ecologist and editor of *Earth First!*, David Foreman, explicitly puts it—not, if you please, primarily the "industrialists" who presumably merely pander to our extravagant "wants." Moreover, as a mere "species" among several million, we are no more significant in the "planetary" scheme of things (to use one of Sale's favorite words) than, say, lemmings; hence we are subject, according to deep ecology, to the same "natural laws" that check population growth. This is called "biocentrism" and is meant to put "us"—women, people of color, workers, gays, lesbians and the oppressed generally, together with privileged whites and the world's oppressors—in our place as essentially zoological beings. Population issues, which deep ecologists like Foreman have called the "litmus test" of our ecological integrity, are thus dealt with in strictly zoological terms, as though a competitive, rapacious "grow-or-die" market economy did not exist or would not ultimately devour the entire planet, irrespective of population size. That deep ecology, especially its professorial wing and some of its journalists, recycles some of Peter Kropotkin's visions of a century ago in the form of a "new paradigm" is massively outweighed by its emphasis on "biocentrism," population control and sociobiology, and by its discreet silence on—even defense of—the brutalist, and of an ugly cowboy element in Arizona that publishes *Earth First!*, a periodical for which, in fact, they often write.

The whole flavor of Sale's article in defense of deep ecology is expressed by his viewing the issues in "planetary terms, overriding nation and culture and ideology" (to use his own words) in which "it does not really matter what the petty political and social arrangements are that have led to our ecological crisis, or even what dire consequences those arrangements have had for certain individuals, types, nations or races." Let Sale tell this to New York City's homeless and the black people of South Africa. Social ecology, which stems out of the 1960s New Left, frankly advances the view that the conflict between society and nature stems overwhelmingly from the conflict between human and human, notably within hierarchies and classes, and generally within a system of widespread oppression and economic exploitation. It sees the origin of the notion of dominating nature in the very real domination of human beings and argues that society will never live in balance with nature until it becomes ecologically oriented and rational in the best sense of the term. Deep ecology not only deflects ecologically concerned people from the all-important need for radical social change, all its "new paradigms" aside; it mystifies "wilderness" as the "real world," to take a phrase of Foreman's that Sale applauds; all but denounces technology as such; urges a revival of "the paleolithic tradition" (Sale) or a "return to the Pleistocene" (*Earth First!*) no less. This self-indulgent, often socially unfeeling, yuppie ideology, has divided the ecology movement between radical activists and theorists who are associated with social ecology, and essentially quietistic encounter groups who provide an admiring audience for an avowedly misanthropic cowboy contingent whose leaders have learned the art of gaining public attention with minimal achievements.

We all want unity and a free expression of diverse views in the ecology movement. But we have good reason to be worried over a growing Malthusianism, a cultural chauvinism that sometimes verges on racism, an indifference to social factors in the ecological crisis and an insidious form of character assassination in which Sale depicts Janet Biehl, a highly gifted social ecologist to whom he objects, as a nameless "Bookchinite ecofeminist" whose views are presumably dictated by me. It hardly promotes unity and diversity, which Sale professes to prize above all things, to see a concerted campaign in the fact that I invited Ynestra King, a distinguished ecofeminist activist and writer, to participate in an ecology panel at the 1987 Socialist Scholars Conference. Sale cannily omits the fact that I asked that King be placed on the panel—not "installed" as he puts it, using the kind of rancorous language he professes to deplore—because the panel was composed exclusively of four males. This disturbed me if it did not bother Sale.

Space does not allow me to discuss the full implications of deep ecology for the ecology movement and Sale's misrepresentation of ideas and facts. Sale will doubtless have the last word in this dispute. But if *Nation* readers are concerned with the future of the ecology movement and the views advanced by social ecology, they are invited to write to *Green Perspectives* (P.O. Box 111, Burlington, VT 05402) for information. There is a serious fight going on out there that deserves careful exploration by all socially and ecologically involved people, one that should not be exhausted by the complaints, suspicions and tendentious reportage of Kirkpatrick Sale.

Murray Bookchin

SALE REPLIES

New York City

None so blind as those who will not see, so deaf as will not listen. I see no point in going over all these arguments again. Obviously the logic of the original article did not penetrate the mental defenses of those who are determined to resist it, and repeating it here would simply be tedious and, I regret to say, fruitless.

For those who wish to pursue these issues further, the positions have been amply spelled out elsewhere. For Bookchin's tendentious point of view, see the June 1987 issue of his newsletter, *Green Perspectives*; for a lengthy argument by George Bradford, see the Fall 1987 and Spring 1988 issues of *Fifth Estate* (4632 Second Ave., Detroit MI 48201). The most recent deep ecology positions, uncomplicated by the *Earth First!* distractions that so befuddle this correspondent and are certainly extraneous, are found in: George Sessions, "Ecocentrism and the Greens," *The Trumpeter*, June 1988 (P.O. Box 5853, Stn. B, Victoria, BC Canada V8R 6S8); Robyn Eckersley, "The Road to Ecotopia? Socialism vs. Environmentalism" (same issue); Arne Naess, "The Basis of Deep Ecology," *Resurgence*, January 1988 (Ford House, Hartland, Devon, England, EX39 6EE); and Warwick Fox, "The Deep Ecology–Eco-feminism Debate and Its Parallels," *Environmental Ethics*, forthcoming. A more extended treatment may be found in *Thinking Like a Mountain*, John Seed, Joanna Macy, et al.,

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EDITORIALS.

Sitcom Campaign

Presidential election campaigns are rarely about redirection of national purpose, sometimes about serious political issues and often about the organization of political power. But this campaign, so far, seems to be primarily about campaigning. It is not simply that the candidates have given up most pretenses of substantive discourse and direct their every move to the need for powerful visuals and commanding sound bites on the network news. That's been going on for decades, although it is true that the mass mediation of presidential politics has reached some kind of apotheosis this year. But way beyond that, media manipulation has become the only legitimate—and interesting—subject for discussion and analysis. The transmission of images and the creation of symbols is far more important than the information (if any) they are meant to convey. Dukakis in a tank and Bush adoring the flag have nothing to do with defense policy or patriotic allegiance, nor are they seriously supposed to. Rather, they are bits of stage business—attitudes with props—that are used to develop the self-reflexive sitcom that now stands for an election contest. After Ronald Reagan, all presidential candidates will be actors.

The media deplores the lack of substance but of course

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encourages it. The hottest political story in the week before the first debate was the revelation, by the authors of a book about Reagan's second term, *Landslide: The Unmaking of the President, 1984–1988*, that the President's media advisers had built his 1984 campaign on sheer nothingness. There were no ideas emanating from the White House, no agenda, no plans to round out the uncompleted "revolution" of the previous quadrennium. All the advisers talked about in one videotaped meeting was *mise en scène*: how to block Reagan's performance at the United Nations ("quarter turn to the right now, Ron"), how to set up photo opportunities with children and how to avoid any mention of issues. One media man even suggested, half-jokingly perhaps, that a shot in the toe would produce a wave of sympathy for the President, just as the failed assassination attempt had done a few years earlier. No doubt Jodie Foster would be impressed as well.

Even *The Boston Globe*, Dukakis's hometown paper and the closest thing to a candidate's house organ since Jimmy Carter's *Atlanta Constitution* in 1976, is fed up with "the vacuous and vague . . . candidates." Neither Bush nor Dukakis, a *Globe* editorial charged angrily last month, "wishes to go deeper into serious issues than the shallow-waters charts their pollster printouts provide."

In fact, the pollsters and poli-sci graduates who have seized control of national politics fear substantive issues because they cannot successfully quantify, simplify and transform them into unambiguous symbols and issues. Something really terrible must have happened to the academic discipline of political science ten or fifteen years ago to produce a generation of anti-ideological technicians and numbers-crunchers so obsessed with demographics in a static system that they refuse to consider the political possibilities of a fluid and dynamic electorate. The printout set has served Dukakis particularly poorly. His strategists looked at the voting public as of January 1987 and decided that the only way to win was to shift *n* number of voters from one column to another, from the category of "Reagan Democrats" to "Dukakis Democrats."

They thus missed the point that politics on the scale of a presidential election necessarily involves transformation, and that one element of the political dynamic cannot be adjusted without changing relationships all down the line. The most successful politicians around in this decade—both Reagan and Gorbachev spring to mind—have understood, intuitively or otherwise, that the game cannot be played by moving only one piece, that the board has to be reconfigured every time it is approached.

Bush is certainly no more adept at transformative politics than Dukakis, but then a static system serves him better. He has only to stick to the Reagan outline and he will win. Dukakis has to start moving the pieces, and fast, if he is to have a chance. The word from Boston is that a change of strategy is in the making, away from the futile concentration on the Reagan Democrats and toward a different kind of electoral coalition. It will take some doing, this late in the game, but one thing is certain: It can't be done with mirrors and symbols, visuals and bites. The campaign has to be about something other than itself.

Disney Trippers

The tears were still damp on the powdered cheeks of Gretchen Elizabeth Carlson when she announced to her waiting public that the very first thing she planned to do now that she was Miss America was go to Disney World. Her decision was not altogether unexpected, since the Orlando playground and its progenitor in Anaheim seem to be the destinations of choice these days for big-time winners.

Doug Williams, the quarterback of the Washington Redskins, announced after leading his team to the Super Bowl championship last January that he planned to make the trip. Likewise, among others, Frank Viola, after pitching the Minnesota Twins to a World Series triumph last year; Dennis Conner, after sailing to victory in the recent America's Cup races; and Magic Johnson, after the Los Angeles Lakers won the National Basketball Association title last spring. Clearly, a trend.

The other day, on *CBS This Morning*, Tom Elrod, senior vice president for marketing at Walt Disney Attractions, explained it all to us. Taking no chances, Disney contacted every Miss America contestant at the Atlantic City pageant last month and told each that if she won, a producer and film crew would be on the runway ready to record her spontaneous answer to the question, "You've just been crowned Miss America. What are you going to do next?" All she had to do was answer with the magic words about the Magic Kingdom and she could awake, like Snow White after the prince's kiss, in a commercial. Two, actually: one for Disney World, another for Disneyland. They were on the television networks less than twenty-four hours after the cameras rolled. Regarding payment for the promotion, Elrod told his CBS host, Harry Smith, that "it's a lot less than you might think." This is only just. It seems to us that only Scrooge McDuck would want serious money to shill for the Disney amusement havens. (Disney did, in fact, get a freebie on NBC on September 21, during the network's coverage of the Olympics. An announcer in Seoul reported that a star gymnast from the Soviet Union, when asked what his favorite U.S. city was, had tapped Disneyland, presumably without prompting from Elrod.)

The campaign, which was dreamed up by Jane Eisner, wife of Disney chair Michael Eisner, started only a couple of years ago, which is too bad. We will now never know how, say, Lyndon Johnson would have answered the question after announcing he did not plan to run for re-election in 1968, or how Warren Burger would have responded upon being named Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, much less how he and his brethren might have regarded the bribery and deception implicit in the Disney deals. Had there been a Disneyland in 1951, would Ike have promised to go there instead of Korea?

When Smith asked Elrod whom he had lined up for the future, we anticipated names like Greg Louganis, the Olympic gold medal diver, or perhaps even Ivan Boesky when he emerges from prison. We speculated, too, on how George

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Bush or Michael Dukakis might deal with the Disney challenge on November 8. But buoyed by the success of the campaign, Elrod is thinking really big. "I'd like to get Ronald Reagan as he's leaving office," he said.

Not a bad tribute to mickey mouse.

Black Mail

For some years now, Martin Peretz has been sending letters to various editors, the main point of which seems to be that *The Nation* is not *The New Republic*. Our personal favorite is the one he wrote to *The New York Times* some years ago, in which he objected to reports of a feud between the two magazines because *The Nation*'s readership was "too tiny" to feud with, and besides, its content was "reflexively *gauchiste*," whatever that means. That was back in 1979, when the circulation of *The New Republic* was 76,074 and *The Nation*'s was 32,110. Recently Peretz sent a letter to the editor of Gannett Westchester Newspapers, with the pretext of advising Democrats on what was an upcoming Congressional primary. He told them that our esteemed former publisher, Hamilton Fish 3d, did not meet the Peretz litmus test on the issue of Israel, and once again took the occasion to spread some epistolary misinformation about *The Nation*, this time in English but omitting any reference to comparative circulations, conceivably because in the interim *The Nation*'s has climbed to more than 85,000. Actually, although numbers can make the difference in the world of politics—sadly, Ham lost the primary by fewer than 2,000 votes—in the world of opinion journalism we have always believed that whatever modest influence accrues to journals has more to do with the quality than the quantity of readership. That's probably why we were so bemused by the latest Peretz missive. If his primary concern was Israel, we assume he would have intervened in Congressional primaries across the land, but a quick sample of letters-to-the-editor sections reveals no such effort. So we regretfully conclude what we suspected all along—that Marty converted Hamilton Fish's Congressional campaign into an imaginative new form of direct-mail subscription solicitation.

Let 'Em Eat Flag

George Bush has gone for the gold in political cynicism, and he may just retire the medal. As the proud co-pilot of the Administration that has given us the greatest income disparity between rich and poor since 1947, when the Census Bureau began keeping records on such things, Bush has had the nerve to assail Michael Dukakis for divisive politics.

In a recent speech to the Bucks County, Pennsylvania, Chamber of Commerce, the Vice President, who yearns to cut the capital gains tax, said of his opponent:

> He's pursued a strategy of emphasizing differences between rich and poor, between one region of the country and another. . . . I am dismayed by this "divide and conquer" strategy. You can't strengthen the weak by weakening the strong; you can't help small men by tearing down big men.

And, the Vice President might have added, you can't house the homeless when you have slashed subsidies for low-income housing, as this Administration has.

Bush's strategy is as crafty as it is dishonest. To escape responsibility for the Administration's assorted savageries against the safety net it promised to preserve, Bush is attempting to sell the line that we're all in the same boat and that it's in everybody's interest—whether rich or poor, from the Upper East Side or Youngstown, white or black—to pull together. While shivving the poor for the benefit of the rich, Bush is assuring the poor and the squeezed middle that there are no class differences that count in America as long as we're all pledging allegiance.

Good and decent politics is about getting people to see where their true interests lie and then helping them act accordingly. It is no surprise that when Dukakis points to the unevenness of the Reagan-Bush "recovery," Bush tries to tell people that their interests are entirely defined by the flag and big-bang defense policies. According to the Center on Budget and Policy Priorities: "In 1987, the wealthiest 40 percent of American families received 67.8 percent of the national family income, the highest percentage ever recorded. By contrast, the poorest 40 percent of families received 15.4 percent of the national family income, which tied with 1986 as being the lowest percentage ever recorded."

In the Reagan-Bush America discretionary assistance programs for low-income Americans have been cut by 29.3 percent. When slashes in subsidized housing programs are included, the total cut amounts to 54 percent. On the day Bush was attacking Dukakis for divisiveness, a majority of a panel of experts assembled by the National Academy of Sciences to study health needs of the homeless issued an extraordinary extracurricular statement to express their "sense of shame and anger" about the situation of the homeless. The group wrote, "Contemporary American homelessness is an outrage, a national scandal." This, in a Reagan-Bush America where top government officials could believe, and assert, that people were homeless because they wanted to be and that no one went hungry in this country.

That would be news to the 49 percent of black children under age 6 who are growing up in poverty, many both hungry and homeless.

The Republicans have already cut off the ring on Dukakis. They've got him sliding around the L-word, ducking the "special interests" and backpedaling from the Jackson crowd. Now they're trying to take the truth from him. Dukakis's last good chance in this election is to shed his Mr. Goodwrench image as a fellow obsessed with the internal processes of government and to emerge as a man with a passion to restore fairness and decency to public life.

Nobody whines like an overdog when his privileges are imperiled, and that's what Bush began to do when Dukakis's description of the Reagan-Bush economic miracle began to cut close to the bone. Bush knows that the only hope

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Dukakis has with the "Reagan Democrats" is to show them exactly where their economic interests lie. When Dukakis began to do that, Bush resorted to a dose of voodoo unity to keep the folks sleeping and happy.

But trust George to let his own truth out of the bag. After presenting himself to his Bucks County audience as the candidate who abhors separating Americans from one another, the Vice President ad-libbed, "They say the meek shall inherit the earth. But they'll never increase market share."

And under George Bush, they'll inherit a small American flag, a few bars of "The Star-Spangled Banner" and a huge share of the national debt. ROGER WILKINS

UNCIVIL LIBERTIES.

CALVIN TRILLIN

"Daddy, can you recite the Pledge of Allegiance?"

"What kind of cereal do you want this morning? We're pushing this high-fiber stuff—although, as I understand the list of ingredients on the box, I think you could satisfy the same vitamin requirements by chewing on your pencil in math class."

"Come on, Daddy. Just try one time."

"Or you might want some of this kind that's fortified with a couple of years' supply of iron, unless you think it'll weigh you down."

"But aren't people who recite the Pledge of Allegiance more patriotic than other people?"

"Absolutely. For instance, I suspect that the Pledge of Allegiance was recited at the beginning of every National Guard drill Dan Quayle attended, but the people in infantry companies in Vietnam often didn't have time for that sort of thing. So Dan Quayle is more patriotic than the people who went to Vietnam. Are you sure you wouldn't like a bowl of this stuff with cocoa-flavored riboflavin in it?"

"How could somebody who stayed home in the National Guard be more patriotic than the people who went to Vietnam, Daddy?"

"Because people who recite the Pledge of Allegiance are more patriotic than people who don't. If this cereal were patriotic, it would have the Pledge of Allegiance on the box instead of all this stuff about niacin. Maybe you'd like to have a chocolate chocolate-chip ice cream cone with chocolate sprinkles instead this morning, just to show that a loyal American kid won't eat unpatriotic cereal."

"But, Daddy, how about George Washington and Thomas Jefferson and Benjamin Franklin and all of those people?"

"Were they opposed to having ice cream for breakfast? I never knew that. I'm constantly amazed at what kids learn in history classes these days. Actually, I'm particularly surprised to hear that about Benjamin Franklin. He has always struck me as a man of some flexibility. Maybe he just didn't have all the facts at his disposal. He was often ahead of his time, Franklin, but maybe he just didn't have all the facts on chocolate chocolate-chip ice cream."

"No, Daddy, I mean the television news said that the Pledge of Allegiance didn't exist until 1892, when a magazine for kids invented it as a way to promote circulation."

"Well, there's nothing more American than circulation promotion."

"But George Washington and those other Founding Fathers couldn't have recited the Pledge of Allegiance if it wasn't written until 1892."

"Then they were unpatriotic."

"The Founding Fathers were unpatriotic?"

"Absolutely. I told you: People who recite the Pledge of Allegiance are more patriotic than people who don't. People who sing 'The Star-Spangled Banner' at baseball games are more patriotic than people who don't. People who sing everything but the high notes are somewhere in the middle. That's why they can't hit the high notes—they're always somewhere in the middle."

"But how could the Founding Fathers recite the Pledge of Allegiance if it hadn't been written yet?"

"Well, it's just like George Bush said about Michael Dukakis's vetoing a law requiring teachers to lead the Pledge of Allegiance in Massachusetts schools simply because he'd been advised that it was unconstitutional: He just found some excuse to veto it. The Founding Fathers just found some excuse not to recite the Pledge of Allegiance. Their excuse was that it wasn't written yet. Sorry. No go."

"Why was Michael Dukakis advised that requiring people to recite the Pledge of Allegiance was unconstitutional?"

"Because the Jehovah's Witnesses, whose religion doesn't allow them to swear allegiance to a flag, brought a case about this to the Supreme Court a long time ago. The Jehovah's Witnesses have gotten into trouble in Russia for the same sort of thing, and the Communists just put them in jail. The Supreme Court said that in America you can't punish people for not reciting the Pledge of Allegiance, because freedom of speech also means freedom not to speak, if what you're being asked to say is something that violates your religion."

"But, Daddy, if making people recite a pledge is the Communist way and not making them recite it is the American way, why are people who recite the Pledge of Allegiance more patriotic than people who don't?"

"As your mother said when I asked her if she knew the name of the Secretary of Labor, I won't stand here and be grilled like a common criminal."

"Don't you have anything to say to that, Daddy?"

"Yes, maybe you could have the ice cream without the chocolate sprinkles. Just chocolate chocolate-chip ice cream. Or chocolate chocolate-chip ice cream with a little riboflavin sprinkled on top? I think history might have taken a different turn if Benjamin Franklin had known about riboflavin."

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BELTWAY BANDITS.

DAVID CORN AND JEFFERSON MORLEY

■ The Pledge Debate That Never Was

William Bennett, former Secretary of Education, and Michel Eyquem de Montaigne, the French writer and former Mayor of Bordeaux, recently debated the educational value of the Pledge of Allegiance. Bennett, who has often urged the study of classical Western texts in American schools, again criticized Michael Dukakis for allegedly "vetoing the Pledge." Montaigne retorted:

> Let [the student] be asked for an account not merely of the words of his lesson, but of its sense and substance and let him judge the profits he has made by the testimony not of his memory, but of his life. Let him be made to show what he has just learned in a hundred aspects, and apply it to as many different subjects, to see if he has yet properly grasped it and made it his own.

■ The Limits of Dunlopism

Dukakis, even in his current populist mode, betrays the intellectual influence of a Republican economist, John T. Dunlop. A Harvard professor and Secretary of Labor in the Ford Administration, Dunlop made his name in the 1940s and 1950s as a theoretician of the "industrial relations system." His writings emphasize the need for consensus among government, employees, unions and management, assigning an especially crucial role to mediators who can forge agreements among the contending parties. Dukakis has a similar conception of executive power.

"When Dukakis talks about competence, he really means the ability to build consensus," says David Jacobs, assistant professor of management at American University. "And that's very much in line with Dunlop's thinking."

Dukakis's populist option, Jacobs says, could include more people than Dunlop would recommend approaching, such as the progressive constituencies excluded from administrative power under Reagan. And a populist consensus builder could intervene on behalf of the weaker parties at the table. Through various domestic policy commissions, Jacobs adds, "conceivably, a Democratic Administration could leverage social change out of the private sector, persuade business that social action is in its own self-interest."

Jacobs suggests that such carefully constructed reformism may be the best President Dukakis could hope for, given the strength of the right wing and the constraints of the budget deficit. But he cites the 1987 Massachusetts plant closing agreement among business, government and labor as a cautionary example of Dukakis's procedural populism.

"Dukakis didn't intervene on the side of workers, the weaker party, so the agreement wound up simply ratifying the existing power arrangement between management, unions and others." On a hot domestic issue with public opinion favoring the progressive position, Jacobs notes, Dukakis was completely unable to leverage change out of the private sector. Even the watered-down plant closing bill that passed Congress was tougher than the agreement sponsored by Dukakis, the disciple of Dunlop.

■ Cool Hand Duke Confronts Big Bad Jesse

That's roughly the tenor, and quality, of the media coverage of the post-Atlanta conflict between Dukakis and Jackson. But as Ron Walters, a professor of political science at Howard University and an informal Jackson adviser, says, what distinguishes the two men is "not a difference in character; it's a difference in strategy."

The Dukakis strategy—to hold progressives at arm's length and appeal to the South and to the Reagan Democrats—"is a very risky thing to try," Walters notes. "They're losing that battle. Jackson says the way to win is to put together the 1976 Carter coalition or the 1986 coalition that won Democratic Senate seats in the South."

The test is how much the Democratic Party is willing to spend on voter registration. About $6 million of the party's estimated $50 million campaign fund will go to voter registration. A Jackson strategy, Walters says, would require twice as much.

■ Capitalism Triumphs Over U.S.I.A.

It wouldn't make good propaganda, but for two years the United States Information Agency, which champions "free enterprise" and other American values overseas, tried to crush a thriving small business right on its doorstep.

A January 8, 1986, U.S.I.A. internal memorandum, obtained under the Freedom of Information Act, made a disturbing report: A food vendor had set up a stand near the main entrance to the agency. "The vendor, positioned in front of the building . . . can observe movements of the Director [Charles Wick], official visitors, Agency personnel." The vendor, whose name "could be of Palestinian or Middle-Eastern origin," was described as "a possible threat to personnel or physical security."

Thus began a crusade to expel this vendor and other entrepreneurs who peddle nearby. The campaign involved the top echelons of the agency, including Wick, who in December 1986 lobbied Mayor Marion Barry. Noting the "threats posed by terrorism," Wick wrote to Barry, "I personally feel very uneasy when [foreign dignitaries] must . . . maneuver through a phalanx of street vendors and their customers."

Wick's letter to Barry brought no results. The U.S.I.A. continued its battle, petitioning various District of Columbia agencies. "We remain convinced that vendor operations in front of USIA are inappropriate and harmful to the national interest," Woodward Kingman, the agency's associate director for management, wrote to a D.C. official in May 1987, adding that "vendor tables and other equipment could be used to hide explosive devices." The D.C. government didn't buy the U.S.I.A.'s paranoid argument. On November 13, 1987, Kingman gave Wick the bad news: "We have virtually exhausted all avenues of approach to the District Government. . . . no further compromise can be reached." Today Mohammad Nassiri is still selling hot dogs, giant pretzels and other fast food in front of the U.S.I.A.

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BEAT THE DEVIL.

George Bush, Sex Fiend

I returned from Ireland at the start of the week to find that coverage in the Irish and British press portraying a blah campaign, notable chiefly for the verbal slips of the principal contenders, had understated the grim truth. Dukakis is engineering the amazing feat of running a campaign more uninspiring than that conducted by Walter Mondale. His foolish advisers even put him in a tank, in which no one outside Rommel and Guderian has ever managed to look dignified, certainly not a tiny pragmatist from Boston with martial attire draped over his pinstripe.

Unless the debates turn things around, the only hope for Democrats seems to be that Bush will blow it because of the Quayle hanging round his neck or because a newspaper will publish the story that he has a mistress shacked up in a love nest. Rumors to that effect have been circulating for years, but either they are untrue or Bush, under eight-year scrutiny inimical to a clandestine affair, has been displaying the amatory zeal of a panda (though he could be jumping someone in a White House broom closet in the sort of thirty-second tourneys favored by J.F.K.).

Shell Games: Further Adventures of the Odious Fellow

Halfway through September the Senate Foreign Relations Committee voted 10–9, on party lines, on a sanctions bill against South Africa. The bill, which now goes to the full Senate, resembles the Dellums bill passed by the House in August, with a major difference. The Dellums bill carried an amendment, added by Representative Bob Wise, that denied Federal oil, gas and coal leases to U.S. subsidiaries of any international oil company doing business in South Africa. That provision would have had dire consequences for two companies in particular, Shell Oil and British Petroleum.

But the Senate Foreign Relations Committee struck out Wise's amendment. In its report for September 15, *The New York Times* said that Senator Alan Cranston "sought to win some Republican support" by deleting that section. This explanation is implausible, since every Republican on the committee voted against the bill anyway. And indeed it seems, according to one well-informed Senate staff aide, that amid heavy lobbying by Shell and B.P. some Democrats voted for the bill only on condition the amendment was removed. Shell assigned its lobbying campaign to Akin, Gump and Strauss, the Strauss here being Robert, former head of the Democratic National Committee.

Shell has more arrows in its quiver than this amiable Texan fixer—who could accurately be described as the conscience of the Democratic Party—and the company's machinations in this regard bring us to another noted "conscience," this time lodged in the bosom of our old friend Father Theodore Hesburgh, former president of Notre Dame and a man long hailed as one of the greatest moral adornments of the American academic scene.

By the summer of 1987 international firms justifying their presence in South Africa by fidelity to the "Sullivan Principles" could no longer do so, because even their author agreed that the principles were useless as a motor of change. The companies dreamed up a new approach, arguing that their presence is required to prepare South African blacks for a "post-apartheid society."

Shell is particularly eager for such rationales, since it is up against an international boycott, launched in the United States in early 1986 and supported by the Interfaith Center on Corporate Responsibility (I.C.C.R.), TransAfrica, church groups and eight major trade unions. Organizers reckon that the boycott has cost Shell millions of dollars in terms of the crude bottom line as well as overall image. The company provides 18 percent of the oil consumed by the South African Defense Forces, and the I.C.C.R. states that "Shell provides the police and military with gasoline, diesel fuel, methanol for jet fighters and helicopters as well as raw materials for napalm, defoliation agents and nerve gas for a South African military unit specializing in biological and chemical warfare." (The company also has about $400 million in assets in South Africa, among them the Reitspruit coal mine, in which the firm holds a 50 percent share. In 1985, after 850 miners there went on strike, the managers sent in goons with tear gas and rubber bullets, forced some miners back to work at gunpoint and fired 129 others.)

In response to the boycott Shell hired Pagan International, a Washington-based P.R. firm directed by Rafael Pagan, who headed the Nestlé Nutrition Center in the late 1970s, when Nestlé was facing a boycott for promoting infant formula in the Third World. Pagan worked up a 265-page plan for Shell called "The Neptune Strategy." Leaked to I.C.C.R. late last year, it paid particular attention to the religious community, stating somberly that "mobilized members of religious communions provide a 'critical mass' of public opinion and economic leverage that should not be taken lightly. . . . If they join the boycott and pressure for disinvestment, it will become a radically different and far more costly problem than it now is."

Pagan also thought it important to dissuade universities from supporting the boycott, saying that Shell should "build a network between Shell, U.S. executives and members of the academic community." The aim, naturally, would be to "deflect attention from targetted actions regarding individual company disinvestment and to set the stage for broader topics such as . . . possible scenarios for a post-apartheid society."

Getting down to practicalities, Pagan suggested that Shell could proceed toward this alluring objective by setting up an "Institute for the Study of Post-Apartheid Problems" at Notre Dame. According to the Neptune plan:

> As noted in both the church and university strategies, Notre Dame represents a unique opportunity for creating an institution for the study of post-apartheid problems. On the one hand, its senior administrators, notably Father Theodore Hesburgh [president of Notre Dame when the memo was written], are close to and respected by religious leadership in

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the U.S. and Europe. On the other, Father Oliver Williams [a Hesburgh protégé] and Lee Tavis of Notre Dame's School of Business Administration have close ties to the South African business community and are completing a book on South African business.

Hesburgh, Williams, Tavis and others at Notre Dame could be significant participants in dealing with the present South African reality and in envisioning future prospects. In each, some of PI's [Pagan International's] principals are involved in dialogue dealing with South Africa at Notre Dame.

Peter Walshe, a professor in the Department of Government and International Studies at Notre Dame who has reported the collusion between the university and Shell in *Common Sense*, an alternative campus paper, says negotiations are now under way for a Shell-sponsored institute at the school. In other words, the University of Notre Dame, which has a declared policy of not cooperating with firms supplying South Africa's military and police forces, is about to assist both Shell and the apartheid regime in their P.R. stratagems.

Meanwhile, Shell's victory in the matter of the deleted amendment is not yet written in stone, though it is highly likely. The Senate could restore the language dropped by the Foreign Relations Committee. It's scarcely surprising that Michael Dukakis, who pledged to Jesse Jackson in Atlanta that he would battle energetically for the Dellums bill, has been sitting on his hands, just as he did in the case of *contra* aid when the Senate prepared to vote shortly after the Democratic convention.

Slip Sliding Away

Not since President Gerald Ford illustrated on a robustly physical plane the relationship between slips and the unconscious during his 1976 re-election bid has a campaign been so replete with blunder. Bush told the American Legion that the anniversary of Pearl Harbor fell in September; Dukakis said the Navy needed "modern musicians" (rather than munitions); and Quayle announced that the Nazi extermination of the Jews was an obscene period in "our country's" history. There have been many others. Only Lloyd Bentsen, who has obvious inner assurance of his political identity, and confidence that after November he will be either Vice President or head of the Senate Finance Committee, has so far been relatively slip free.

Bush's blunders are the most reflective of psychic turmoil and fears of inadequacy. He told a crowd earlier this year that he and President Reagan had had "some sex," adding hastily—as the crowd roared—that he felt like the "javelin thrower who won the toss and elected to receive." This is easily decoded, but what about the Pearl Harbor slip? How did he manage to mistake one of the most notorious dates in American history, saying that the Day of Infamy fell on September 7? Bush was shot down over Chichi Jima in September 1944 and bailed out, leaving behind two crewmates who may have been alive. Bush's accounts of the episode have always been somewhat contradictory, and a couple of months ago Chester Mierzejewski, who was on the same bombing run in the plane just ahead of Bush's, stated publicly that Bush's plane had not been seriously incapacitated and that if he had attempted a crash landing at sea instead of hastily leaping from his cockpit, the two crew members might not have died. So September may well be prominent in Bush's thoughts as a day of personal infamy.

Harry Dickson, Dukakis's father-in-law, is a professional musician, which may have something to do with the call for more boys in the Navy's bands.

Both Bush and Quayle seem to have unresolved feelings about Jews: Bush announced he stood for "anti-bigotry, anti-Semitism, anti-racism," and as we have seen, Quayle thought the Nazi death camps were located within the continental United States.

Earlier this month in the French weekly *Libération* a psychoanalyst named Gerard Miller had an interesting discussion of slips as revelatory of an obsession with Jews. He addressed himself to the French fascist Jean-Marie Le Pen's disgusting pun in calling the French politician Michel Durafour "Durafour-Crématoire," literally "crematorium furnace," or, in plainer English, Mr. Gas Chamber.

Le Pen made his pun thus: "Mr. Durafour and Dumoulin, obscure minister of that political opening into which he has since disappeared, has said, 'we in the government should ally ourselves with the Communist Party at the municipal elections, since the Communists are losing support while the extreme right is continuing to gain it.' Mr. Durafour-Crématoire, thank you for that confession." The French psychoanalyst parses this as follows. Having started with the name Durafour, recalling "oven" (the meaning of the French word *four*), Le Pen then invented another name, "Dumoulin," derived from the old French saying "You can't be at the oven and at the mill at the same time," but also evoking the name Jean Moulin, the French Resistance leader famous for not having confessed under Nazi torture.

Le Pen then used the word "opening," which, following after *four*, or "oven," led him to use the word "disappear," thus alluding to the Jews who disappeared into the gas chambers. The same train of unconscious thought then led him to the pun on "crematorium furnace" and to the final mention of "confession," in quest of which the Nazis killed Jean Moulin. Patrick Marnham, who picked up the *Libération* article in the British *Independent*, noted that Le Pen's slip may discredit the National Front sufficiently for there to be a reorganization of the right. "That is one of the strangest aspects to the whole story," Marnham wrote. "For when Mr Le Pen insults the Jewish community, his political career falters. But it is a political career which has been built on insulting Arab immigrants. When he confines himself to that, no one accuses him of misjudgement; instead, he receives tacit or open support from both right-wing politicians and Communist Party voters."

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ARTICLES.

THE FOURTH AMENDMENT

Does It Protect Your Garbage?

H. RICHARD UVILLER

On May 16, the Supreme Court added a new brush stroke to the constitutional delineation of privacy. The subject was garbage. The question was whether the Fourth Amendment, which promises security against unreasonable searches and seizures, protects the contents of a trash bag put out on the curb for collection. Overturning a California court's contrary view in *California v. Greenwood*, the Court declined to apply the Fourth Amendment to restrict access of law enforcement agents to discarded material. Under contemporary construction, the Fourth Amendment guarantees no security where none may be reasonably expected, and the Court thought it unreasonable for a citizen to expect that a garbage bag left on the street would be treated as secure by the public at large. Though the Court's latest piece of drafting fits nicely with history and general judicial perception, it is out of line with public sensibilities. And ultimately it must be public sensibility, not judicial logic, that defines the right to be secure against unreasonable intrusion.

When property is abandoned as trash, Justice Felix Frankfurter held nearly thirty years ago, it becomes *bona vacantia*, material to which no one has any rights of control or secrecy. The case in which Frankfurter wrote this opinion, *United States v. Abel*, was an odd one. Col. Rudolf Abel, described in the press as a "Soviet masterspy," had been arrested on an administrative warrant by agents of the Immigration and Naturalization Service in his room at the Latham Hotel in New York City. Before he was led away, he dropped into a wastebasket a "cipher pad" concealed in a block of wood wrapped with sandpaper, and eighteen microfilms in a hollow pencil. As soon as Abel was removed from the hotel, an F.B.I. agent who had remained on the premises received permission from the hotel to search Abel's vacant room, and he recovered the spy paraphernalia. To Abel's claim that his constitutional rights under the Fourth Amendment were violated by the seizure of his microfilm pencil and code book, the Supreme Court, per Justice Frankfurter, replied in effect: You threw away your rights when you threw away your belongings.

Frankfurter's thesis rests on the assumption that Colonel Abel made a voluntary choice to abandon his personal property. One might wonder how freely the captured colonel, packing and checking out under Federal escort, *chose* to rid himself of the incriminating items he left behind, but the principle seems right: A person cannot at the same time relinquish all control or hope of future recovery and yet retain a viable claim of interest in property. If you forget your briefcase on the Metroliner, you might protest the official hand examining the contents when the tag hanging from the handle clearly identifies you as the owner. But if you decide the old pouch has had its day and fling it into the public trash barrel, you can hardly complain if a stranger opens it and removes the forgotten $10 bill inside. True abandonment ends legally protected interests in property or security. And that notion is in accord with popular understanding.

Logical as the reasoning in *Abel* was, however, many people and some courts were unhappy with the result. Not that we feel a durable proprietary interest in our trash as such. Most of the smelly bagful neither we nor anyone else could care less about; from overripe peaches to old breeches, anyone who wants it is more than welcome to it. But we frequently discard revealing bills, letters, notes and sometimes something incriminating—in *Greenwood*, a residue of narcotics. And many of us assume that by consignment to the garbage collector, such things are not "abandoned" in the sense of a total relinquishment to the world at large.

Among those clinging to the hope of security in trash was a Californian named Billy Greenwood. The case against him began when a Laguna Beach police officer received information that Greenwood was involved in drug trafficking. Her suspicion was amplified by surveillance, and she requested the garbage collectors to turn over Greenwood's trash bags unopened. In the garbage, the officer discovered "items indicative of narcotics use." On the strength of this intelligence, she obtained a search warrant and found cocaine and hashish in Greenwood's possession. Greenwood was arrested. On new information that the defendant was continuing to deal in drugs while out on bail, the police conducted a second search and obtained additional evidence of the same sort.

All charges against Greenwood were dismissed by the California Superior Court, however, and the dismissal was affirmed on appeal. The state courts relied on their own interpretation of the Fourth Amendment. In *People v. Krivda*, a much-noted case similar in its facts, California had found a reasonable expectation of privacy in bagged garbage—at least until it intermingled with the community jetsam. *Krivda*, the California courts ruled, was precedent for *Greenwood*.

Writing for the majority of the Supreme Court last May, Justice Byron White needed only a few paragraphs to set the California courts straight on the reach of the Federal Constitution. The Fourth Amendment, Justice White reminded them, recognizes only subjective expectations of security that are objectively reasonable. Even though Greenwood might have believed that his bagged garbage remained within his protected pale of privacy, that belief was unreasonable. First, it was unreasonable because he should have

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known, as we all do and as White wrote, that "plastic garbage bags left on or at the side of a public street are readily accessible to animals, children, scavengers, snoops and other members of the public." Offering one's trash, in effect, to this undifferentiated public is inconsistent with a claim of privacy. Second, the Court noted, the belief was unreasonable because Greenwood put out the garbage "for the express purpose of conveying it to a third person, the trash collector, who might himself have sorted through [his] trash or permitted others, such as the police, to do so."

As further support for their understanding of a reasonable expectation, the majority cited the unanimous view of the U.S. Courts of Appeals and the "vast majority" of the state appellate courts that have considered the issue. All have rejected California's doctrine of secure garbage. Finally, the Court dismissed Greenwood's ingenious argument that the very existence of the *Krivda* decision—though it might have been wrong—provided California citizens with a reasonable basis for expecting privacy regarding their garbage. Clearly, the Court could not allow an erroneous interpretation to justify itself by its pronouncement alone, forcing the Constitution to fit the mistaken California definition of it.

Justice White, the doctrinal heir to Justice Frankfurter, has effectively translated the older jurospeak of "rights" and "interests" into the more modern rubric of the legal enforcement of "reasonable expectations." White does not rely on *Abel*, nor does he cast the *Greenwood* decision in terms of rights. Thus, he does not find that by abandoning a garbage bag at the curb the citizen gives up any constitutionally protected *right* to security in the contents. The older notion of a willing surrender of the right to be secure against unreasonable searches and seizures has been transformed into the unreasonableness of expecting abandoned property to be impervious to invasion. The parlance has changed but the theory remains the same: Once control over personal property is voluntarily relinquished, once a physical object is jettisoned, the police, along with the rest of the world, enjoy unrestricted access to it.

The theory has much to commend it. It is clear and intelligible. It accords with most of the judicial analysis that preceded it. It roughly reflects the popular understanding of loss of control by voluntary relinquishment. The problem is, the correspondence with common sensibility is too rough. When it comes to surrender of security, the public's perception is more finely tuned than the Court's.

In part, the difficulty may stem from the translation of a "rights" analysis of the Fourth Amendment into a "reasonable expectations" one. Employing the modern construction, the Court in *Greenwood* found no security claim was warranted because some invasion might be expected. In effect, the Court held that the operation of the Fourth Amendment depends upon whether expectations of complete security are reasonable or unreasonable under the circumstances.

The flaw in this reasoning (as the dissent pointed out) is that constitutionally protected security is not lost merely because *some* invasion may be expected from *some* invader. The Fourth Amendment protects a car parked overnight on a city street although the owner knows that thieves frequently break into parked cars to steal radios. And most underworld criminals realistically believe that their phones are often tapped by Federal agents; their Fourth Amendment right to vocal security is not diminished by the reasonableness of that expectation. So it cannot be, as the majority would have it, that a citizen's security is totally lost by the reasonable anticipation that someone—illegally, officially or casually—is likely to penetrate an otherwise protected space.

We commonly relinquish interest and control to limited classes of people and for limited and specific purposes. When we write our name and address in the corner of an envelope deposited in the mail, we do so in the belief that the information will not be diverted to other agencies for unintended uses. And the government, of its own accord, has agreed that the limitation on the use of the disclosed data was reasonable. Thus, as a matter of Justice Department policy, a court order is required to obtain such "mail covers."

As far as the courts go, the principle of selective surrender of security has been less than prominent. The majority in *Greenwood* cited two cases in which the Supreme Court, in effect, rejected the idea. One was a case in which the Court held that since a telephone subscriber informs the telephone company of the numbers dialed for billing purposes, privacy is not invaded when the government secretly installs a device (known as a pen register) to record all the numbers called (without, of course, tapping the conversations themselves). In the other case, the Court held a private yard to be accessible to police observation from the air because anyone flying over the property might have seen the same thing. This overflight case is somewhat different from the pen register case since no conscious and limited surrender of security was made to curious civilian pilots; but the *Greenwood* Court might have cited another instance more closely congruent

DRAWINGS BY ROBERT GROSSMAN

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with the pen register case. In 1976, in *United States v. Miller*, the Court held that since checks and deposit slips are issued by a depositor for bank use (to say nothing of their use by creditors), no search warrant is needed when the government calls upon a bank to produce the depositor's records.

Both the pen register and the bank records cases, like *Greenwood*, conflict with common belief insofar as the public failed to recognize that rights of privacy surrendered to a telephone company for billing purposes, to a bank for accounting purposes or to a garbage collection agency for disposal were relinquished to the world at large. When we hand over the key to our car to the parking attendant we do not consent to have his friend take the car for a day at the beach. When we surrender our suitcase to the museum checkroom, we do not agree to have the contents examined by police looking for contraband. The idea of a particular and limited relinquishment of ordinary rights of privacy or dominion is familiar in ordinary experience. We know that our rights are not totally lost because they are partially surrendered. And property is not abandoned until intentionally relinquished to the world at large for all purposes.

Though more familiar in the "rights" framework, it is possible to translate these refinements in the doctrine of *bona vacantia* into the language of "expectations of privacy." One might say that the expectation of total security would be unreasonable—in the case of trash left at curbside, for example—but that the law should protect as justifiable the normal expectation that the garbage will be taken only by people with no interest in the contents and for the sole purpose of destruction or mingling. Any other use violates reasonable expectations.

The reasonable expectation of privacy protected by the Constitution should survive partial and specific surrenders of security. Constitutional security against warrantless government invasion should not collapse under the possibility of unauthorized penetration or because of the limited license granted for non-law enforcement uses. This thought, among others, is alluded to by the Court's dissenters in *Greenwood*, but generally the opinions suggest that the argument based on a common understanding of the principle of selective surrender was not urged upon the Court. As a result, the decision is disappointing. The Court has lost the opportunity to redirect the doctrine of abandonment to accord with common sensibilities. □

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A CONSUMPTION TAX

More Injustice For the Poor

AMITAI ETZIONI

If Michael Dukakis wins in November, and if he heeds the advice of many liberal economists, he will introduce a tax on consumption in 1989. Indeed, *Fortune* recently forecast that regardless of who is inaugurated in 1989, "consumption taxes are almost inevitable." It is an odd policy for liberals to favor, as it will tax the entire income of poor and near-poor workers (who consume all that they earn), most of the income of the working class (which saves very little), but only a fraction of the income of the rich (who save considerably). In short, it is a regressive tax. How could liberals favor a consumption tax?

While I have heard liberal economists argue for a consumption tax on several occasions at the Brookings Institution, its potential role in 1989 became clear to me during last April's bipartisan meeting on the American economy, chaired by former President Jimmy Carter and President Reagan's Secretary of Labor, Ann McLaughlin. Presidential candidates George Bush and Michael Dukakis have each agreed that, if elected, they would consider the group's recommendations. The meeting included a typical cross-section of economists, chief executive officers, intellectuals and community and labor leaders. During the financial panel discussions, conservative economists argued adamantly for reducing deficits by further cutting public expenditures after the elections, and they opposed raising taxes. Liberal economists accepted many of the Federal expenditure cuts suggested by conservatives but sought additional ways to reduce the deficits. They proposed additional taxes, including one on consumption.

Along with their urgent concern about reducing deficits, the economists favor a consumption tax because they are worried sick about the low level of American saving. Economists reason that if people are penalized (with taxes) for consuming, they will presumably save more. Indeed, one version of the consumption tax would not only require Americans to report their income each year but also their total assets as of January 1 and December 31. Whatever income had not been used to acquire more assets (whether property, stocks, bonds or gold) would be assumed to have been "eaten up," and people would be taxed accordingly.

Everyone who took Economics 101 knows that consumption taxes are regressive, because the poor consume a far larger proportion of their income than the rich. But now

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liberal economists who favor a consumption tax argue that its regressivity can be overcome. A closer look at what they suggest shows that their remedies tend to be based on highly unrealistic assumptions, or else they only make a consumption tax less regressive than it might be otherwise. Most important, this type of tax must be considered in the context of other recent changes in the tax system: It would add insult to injurious modifications made by the Reagan Administration.

Rebates to the poor are one means that economists have suggested to make a consumption tax less of a penalty on the underprivileged and less of a party for the rich. A typical rebate strategy calls for all individuals (or households) to file a tax return regardless of whether they had any earnings. The poor would then receive an annual refund of all or part of the consumption tax they had paid. This way, economists claim, the poor would not be short-changed. The problem with this approach is that it assumes the poor will bank their annual refund and then use it at a few dollars a day to make up for the higher cost of milk, bread, health services and so on. But there is strong evidence from sociological and psychological studies that such annual refunds would be used for consumption sprees (a party, a flashy motorcycle); in this scenario, the poor would be forced for the rest of the year to buy fewer necessities, at an increased cost due to the consumption tax. If sent weekly, the rebate might work, but this would amount to an administrative nightmare whose costs would significantly reduce the revenues collected.

Thomas Vasquez, president of the Policy Economics Group and a former staff member of the Treasury Department who is not opposed to a consumption tax, notes that rebates "do not address the cash flow problem facing the taxpayers. The tax benefits would accrue generally at the end of the year, while the consumption tax is being paid currently." He also points out that only those who file tax returns will benefit; and for the poor (or any of us), preparing a return is no small task. Many poor individuals, unwilling to take on a burden that they do not face now, might not file a return, and thus never get their rebate.

Exempting basic items (food, shelter, health care) from the consumption tax is another common suggestion. This idea also has its difficulties. Economists correctly report that such a selective consumption tax would distort the economy because people would buy more exempt items. Further, it would only mitigate the regressivity of the tax, not overcome it. Poor and working-class Americans would still pay a tax on nonbasic items—say, clothing—that consume a larger proportion of their budget than that of the rich.

According to one calculation, the tax burden on those with income below $10,000 a year would almost double if a $50 billion consumption tax was introduced—an increase from the 0.57 percent of the total revenue these taxpayers now contribute to 1.02 percent. If basic necessities are excluded, the burden increases by "only" 63 percent, from 0.57 percent to 0.93 percent. Either way, the proportion of the tax carried by those who make $50,000 per year or more decreases, with the greatest benefits going to those with an income of $200,000 or more. This latter group currently pays 12.28 percent of all taxes; if a consumption tax is introduced, it will pay only 11.7 percent (or 11.74 percent if basic necessities are exempt). Only a tax on jewels, yachts, stretch limousines and other such items referred to as luxury goods would reverse the pattern, but no one has suggested such a tax, either because of the relatively small revenue such a selective, narrowly based tax would generate or because it is far more risky, politically, to add tax burdens to the rich than to the poor. (Jesse Jackson's proposals for raising wealthy people's taxes were rejected out of hand by the Democratic Party, yet many of its economists favor a consumption tax.)

Still other economists suggest alleviating the regressivity by establishing varied tax levels on different items. Several European countries use this method: In Holland, for example, the tax is 4 percent on food, public transportation and medical services, and 18 percent on everything else. Italy has nine different rates. Aside from creating new administrative complexities and increasing the temptation to manipulate the system, these effects generally do make a consumption tax somewhat less regressive, although determining to what degree would require more information on the effects of the differential tax rates than we now have. For instance, how strong is the incentive for the affluent to circumvent such a tax when it reaches 38 percent on items dear to them, as in Italy?

A final suggestion has been to change the *name* of the tax, to call it a "business transfer tax," making it sound as if it taxes businesses rather than consumers. But merely hiding a regressive tax is unlikely to work; to paraphrase the old saying, you cannot fool all of the people for long periods of time.

In sum, a 1989 consumption tax seems unavoidably regressive and patently unfair. It would be bad enough anyway, but seen in the light of changes that have come

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about during the Reagan era, it seems downright cruel. Few Americans realize how much more regressive the tax system has become over the past eight years—it has gone largely unnoticed beside the general awareness that tax rates have been reduced across the board. Many know that one low-income group has been exempt since 1986, which added a touch of progressivity, as did the closing of some loopholes. True also, corporate taxes, which were cut in 1981, were raised somewhat in 1986. But the Reagan Administration's significant increase in the level of payroll taxes (Social Security) and the proportion of total revenues that are derived from this source has greatly added to the unfairness of the tax system. Social Security taxes have always been very regressive because there are no exceptions: A poor family that earns only $6,000 a year must pay the tax from the first dollar on up. Further, while the tax base has been widened somewhat, those with an income above $45,000 do not pay Social Security tax on any earnings *above* that mark. If a person's income is $50,000, $100,000, $1 million or $20 million, that person will pay the same amount to Social Security as a person with an income of $45,000. Thus, the *rate* is much lower for the rich.

Reagan, by cutting all other taxes but increasing the Social Security tax, has shifted us away from the relatively progressive income tax. The numbers tell the story: While Social Security provided only 5 percent of total Federal revenues in 1950, it now accounts for 27 percent.

Most recently, in July, Reagan extended Medicare benefits to cover catastrophic health care. The additional costs are financed by a supplemental premium, a 15 percent surcharge on income tax that will rise to 28 percent by 1993. This sounds like a progressive change until one realizes that the tax is capped at $800 for now, increasing to $1,050 by 1993. This means that while Americans earning below $7,000 a year will pay their full share of the tax, those with an income of $7,000 or higher will pay a smaller proportion—and the higher the income, the lower that proportion becomes. For example, for someone who earns $70,000, it will be 1.5 percent, while the one who earns $7,000 will pay 15 percent.

In short, given the way the total tax system has been tilted over the past several years, any person with even modest concern for the poor and for lower-income families must conclude that a broad-base consumption tax (one that covers more than luxuries) adds to the heap of injustices of the Reagan era instead of helping to correct some of the system's built-in regressiveness. □

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Cold War

(Continued From Front Cover)

global civilization." The United States exists today only because no one in Moscow, and no accident anywhere, has sprung the trap. Nor is there any infallible system, computerized or otherwise, to protect us against such a mishap. That is the lesson of Korean Air Lines Flight 007, Challenger, Chernobyl and Iran Air Flight 655, disasters resulting from human and "high-tech" fallibility and auguring much worse.

The cold war is also sapping America's economic health, which is as important for real national security as are weapons. In present-day dollars, according to Sagan's calculations, the United States has spent roughly $10 trillion on the cold war during the past four decades. Imagine all the economic, educational, medical, cultural and scientific sacrifices that has meant. Today, as U.S. defense spending approaches $300 billion a year, most of it directed against a perceived Soviet threat, the problem has become starkly evident in the decline of many of our nonmilitary industries, the largest budget and trade deficits in our history and the number of our fellow citizens who live in poverty.

Nor is the cold war over, contrary to euphoric reports in the media inspired by four Reagan-Gorbachev summit meetings since 1985. The nuclear and conventional arms race goes on, its fast-paced technology speeding far ahead of the political half-measures taken to constrain it. The ratified intermediate-range nuclear forces (I.N.F.) treaty, which promises to remove and destroy American and Soviet medium-range missiles in Europe, is important as a first symbolic act of nuclear abolitionism. But the two sides have given themselves three full years to abolish missiles capable of carrying, at most, only 4 percent of their stockpiled nuclear warheads. Discussions now focus on a so-called START agreement that would eliminate 30 to 50 percent of the strategic arsenals. By the time it is negotiated, ratified, verified and fully implemented, technological geniuses on both sides are likely to have invented new nuclear weapons that formally comply with the treaty but are even more deadly than those to be abolished. Meanwhile, both sides contemplate a "modernization" of conventional weapons, and a full range of underlying cold war conflicts—ideological, political and regional—continue to rage around the world.

In reality, three years of mostly inconclusive negotiations and media atmospherics could not possibly end a historical phenomenon of the magnitude of the cold war, whose ideological origins date back seventy years to the Bolshevik Revolution; whose modern-day embodiment in the arms race

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has been under way since 1945; and whose dynamics are sustained on both sides by a powerful array of institutions, elites and popular attitudes formed over those decades. Despite episodes of détente going back to the 1930s, and even a U.S.-Soviet military alliance during World War II, virtually all of us—American and Soviet citizens alike—are children of the twentieth century's cold war. Not surprisingly, many officials and citizens have come to accept it as the only possible relationship, even as a virtuous one.

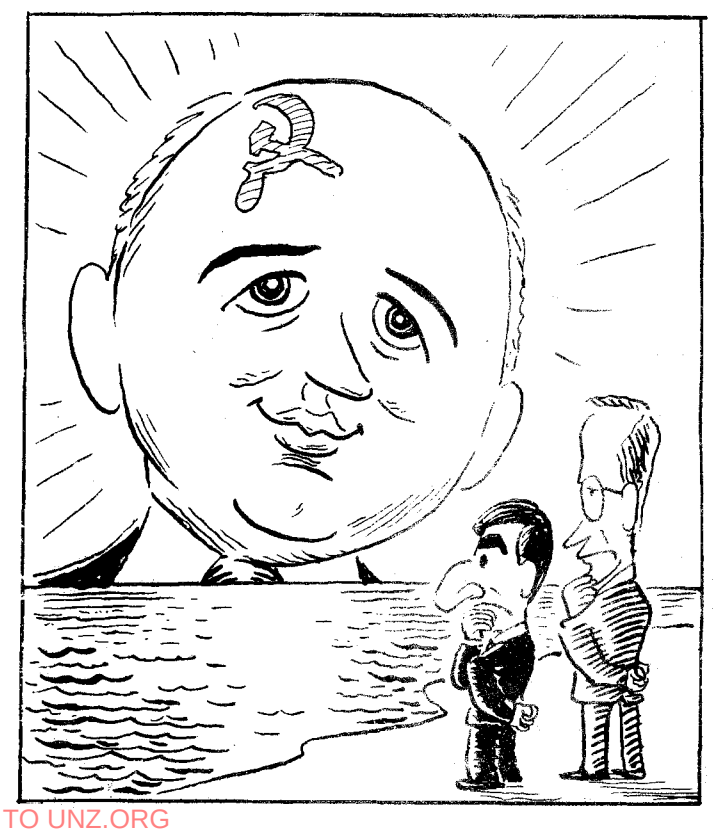
To go beyond this mountainous legacy of cold war to a valley of safer U.S.-Soviet relations therefore will require a long march and bold leadership on both sides. Events since 1985 tell us that the journey is now possible if the next American President meets Gorbachev halfway. President Reagan, to his lasting credit, went farther in that direction than most people thought possible. But it has not been nearly enough, and not only because the cold war goes dangerously, needlessly on. Even the modest progress in arms control achieved since 1985 has been due largely to a long series of concessions by Gorbachev. No national leader can safely persist in such one-sided compromises to a foreign adversary, least of all Gorbachev, who is deeply embattled in a struggle with powerful opposition to his far-reaching domestic reforms, or *perestroika*, and to his conciliatory policies toward the West. It is time for comparable U.S. initiatives and compromises. After all, it was the Soviet leadership, not democratic America, that responded to the growing perils of cold war with "new thinking," boldness and flexibility. To do no less is the real challenge, and historic opportunity, that awaits the next President.

And yet, a great many influential Americans in both major political parties are sternly warning the next Commander in Chief against any such policy. Some of them are theological cold warriors for whom there can never be an alternative U.S.-Soviet relationship, no matter how great the necessity or possibility. But the majority of these influential advisers belongs to the self-described "bipartisan center"—a large company that includes many of yesterday's officials and policy intellectuals whose worn concepts obscure today's historic changes and opportunities. They speak of policy toward Gorbachev's Soviet Union in abstract jargon and empty clichés about "toughness" and "negotiating from strength," as though everyone else advocates dealing from weakness. In effect, by insisting that U.S. policy never deviate from "bipartisanship" and the center, they reflexively oppose the new anti-cold war thinking and measures that America so urgently needs.

While there are significant differences between our wild-eyed cold warriors and statesmanlike centrists, they are united by their opposition to a fundamentally new course in U.S.-Soviet relations. Their recommendations vary, from a policy of escalated cold war and arms race to one of indifference or business as usual toward Gorbachev's leadership. Given the influence they exercise in policy circles, their essential arguments need to be examined.

A shrinking but still vocal group of "experts" even maintains that Gorbachev's reforms in Soviet foreign policy are not really changes but a propaganda trick, or that they remain merely words, not deeds. The facts tell us otherwise. The revisionist ideas Gorbachev calls "the new thinking" in foreign policy have been circulating for many years at lower levels of Soviet officialdom. In 1985, along with many of their longtime proponents, they came to power with Gorbachev. Though not uncontested in the Soviet national security elite, those ideas reflect new Soviet perspectives on the world order and international relations. In practice, they comprise an anti-cold war orientation toward the West that is the only foreign policy compatible with Gorbachev's equally historic political and economic reforms at home. That is why, for more than three years, and at risk to his own position as leader, Gorbachev has been arguing strongly against Soviet cold war dogmas about national security and East-West relations, some of which date back not only to the Brezhnev era but to Stalin and even Lenin.

Despite protests even among Politburo colleagues, Gorbachev has insisted, for example, that "the nuclear threat" and other "common human concerns" take precedence over traditional Marxist-Leninist concepts; that national security for the Soviet Union can derive only from "mutual security" for the United States; that such security for both countries can be achieved only through political negotiations and military build-downs, not buildups; that, accordingly, "reasonable sufficiency" should replace superiority and possibly even parity as a guideline for defense spending in Soviet strategic and conventional doctrine; and that conflicts in the Third World and elsewhere must be avoided or resolved so as not to jeopardize this necessary process of demilitarizing East-West relations. Most fundamental, perhaps, he has rejected the original Soviet dogma that cold war is inevitable because of the nature of the American capitalist system.



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(Our cold warriors insist, of course, that it is inevitable because of the nature of the Soviet communist system.)

And in fact, Gorbachev's words have already been translated into some important deeds. People associated with "the new thinking" have replaced officials of the Brezhnev "stagnation era" throughout the foreign policy establishment, from the Central Committee Secretariat to the Foreign Ministry. Meanwhile, new thinking has been expressed in actual foreign policy, from Gorbachev's concessions to U.S. negotiating positions on nuclear weapons and his offer to eliminate perceived Soviet advantages in European conventional forces to his withdrawal of Soviet troops from Afghanistan. Considering that great-power policy-making is almost always deeply conservative and exceedingly slow to change, what more evidence do we need that fundamental shifts are under way in the Soviet leadership's thinking and behavior?

Even worse, many American analysts who do acknowledge the authenticity of Gorbachev's reform efforts in domestic and foreign policy nonetheless still oppose a fresh U.S. response. The cold warriors among them see in Gorbachev's reforms and concessions only signs of Soviet weakness to be exploited by an unrelenting hard-line policy of military buildup and political ultimatums—a chance at last to "win" the cold war, whatever that might mean. Such proposals are illusory and fraught with danger. No Russian government, however encumbered with problems, will capitulate to the United States. As Andrei Sakharov has argued, "All historical experience indicates the opposite." The result of such a U.S. policy would be a deeper, more perilous cold war, including an uncontrollable nuclear weapons race both on earth and in space. In the process, it would gravely, probably mortally, wound Gorbachev's leadership, depriving his reform programs of the economic resources and political coalitions they need to survive at home.

This prospect raises a question rarely asked by Americans: What is the political alternative in the Soviet Union if Gorbachev fails? In the short term, a post-Gorbachev leadership is likely to attempt a more moderate kind of reform—less radical economic changes without the Gorbachevian "excesses" (as they are derisively called by his opponents) of radical anti-Stalinism, *glasnost* and *demokratizatsiya*. Given the country's enormous economic and social problems, such a leadership would almost certainly fail. The logical contender would then be the party's counterreformist, neo-Stalinist wing, which already is clamoring for a revival of despotic state power, including pogrom-like repressions; for a reimposition of social order; for an end to Gorbachev's "Americanization" of Soviet life; for an end to liberalization in Eastern Europe; and for a cold war, Iron Curtain face to the West. Any American who really cares about human rights and international security in the nuclear age should be deeply concerned about this possibility. Apparently, our cold warriors do not care.

Our "bipartisan center," on the other hand, probably does care but seems to want to do more or less nothing in response to the historic opportunity represented by Gorbachev. These influential advisers propose a kind of aloof, wait-and-see policy, as though the United States plays no role at all in the cold war or the arms race—as though Gorbachev should or could end them alone, without an active American partner. As President Reagan once remarked, "It takes two to tango."

Recoiling from any new anti-cold war approaches, centrists offer various rationalizations. U.S. policy, they warn, must be based on America's national interests, not on Gorbachev. Furthermore, Gorbachev is an aberrant or eccentric Soviet leader who is likely to fail or be overthrown, and the United States has no real influence over the political struggle raging in the Soviet Union. And if his economic and political reforms were to succeed, might not the Soviet Union emerge as a more formidable and thus more dangerous adversary to the United States? These are serious questions that deserve answers.

It is certainly true that U.S. policy must be based on American national interests, but it is also true that Gorbachev's domestic and foreign policies are in America's interests. Indeed, they correspond to much of what we have long demanded and hoped for from the Soviet government. Unlike any imaginable alternative, Gorbachev's policies hold out the possibility of a Soviet nation engrossed for decades to come in almost Herculean internal reforms; the possibility of a considerably better economic and political life for the great majority of Soviet citizens, from factory workers and peasants to intellectuals, from Baltic peoples and Ukrainians to Russian Jews; and, above all, the possibility of an end to the apocalyptic dangers and corrosive military expenditures of the forty-year arms race. If nothing else, is not the possibility of billions of dollars freed to restructure our own economic life and help our own people in America's national interest?

It is also true that Gorbachev's domestic reforms face enormous political opposition and structural obstacles, and that eventually he may be deposed. But it is not true that he is an eccentric or isolated leader without broad support. He did not come to power in 1985 accidentally or alone, as many American commentators seem to think, but at the head of a resurgent reform movement that had existed inside the Communist Party since the early 1960s. During its more than three years in power, Gorbachev's "*perestroika* party," as some of its adherents term it, has found many supporters among officials and citizens in all walks of life, as well as many opponents. No one can predict the outcome of this fateful struggle, but it is nonsense to say that Gorbachev and his reforms are already doomed.

And though the struggle is essentially an internal Soviet one, it is both untrue and irresponsible to deny that the United States will play an important role in its outcome, for better or worse. Gorbachev has wagered much of his personal authority on the hope that eventually the United States will meet him halfway in new thinking and bilateral compromises. If it does not, his position as leader in both foreign and domestic policy will be greatly weakened. More generally, if we rudely rebuff or simply remain aloof from his calls to reduce cold war tensions and end the arms race,

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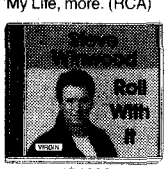

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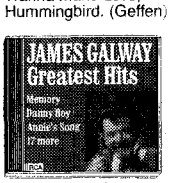

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Gorbachev will never be able to persuade recalcitrant Soviet elites to reallocate large resources from the military to the civilian economy, or to undertake the risks inherent in his program to decentralize and liberalize the political system. We may not hold Gorbachev's fate in our hands, and yet it is hardly independent of what we do.

But do we want him to succeed? Should we fear a reformed Soviet system as a greater threat to the United States? Such a perspective offends common sense and America's professed ideals. Gorbachev's advisers frankly admit that their large-scale reforms will take several decades. During that long historical period, America also will have a chance to become stronger by turning inward to its own economic problems and neglected citizens. Moreover, where is the potential danger if Gorbachev's reforms transfer huge quantities of rubles and scarce technology from the Soviet military-industrial complex to consumer goods, services and welfare; give citizens more freedom, a larger role in decision-making and more access to the West; and persuade this and subsequent generations of Soviet officials to seek their legitimate destiny in reform at home rather than in expanded power abroad? Let us heed Sakharov, who struggled and suffered for the changes finally under way: "The West and the entire world also have an interest in the success of reforms in the U.S.S.R."

To argue otherwise is to betray what our own government has professed ever since the beginning of its militarized cold war with Stalin's Soviet Union: that America awaits and would welcome a different Soviet Union, one with a more open society and political process, with more private enterprise and human rights, with less repression and fewer barriers to Western influence—because such a Soviet Union would be a more acceptable and less dangerous member of the world community. That prospect now stands before us, beckoning us to meet it halfway. If the United States rejects it, if we in effect ally ourselves not with the forces of Soviet reform but of counterreform, we will be sending a profound, probably irreversible message to future Soviet generations and leaders—and to ourselves. We will be saying that no matter how great the opportunity for an alternative, America prefers the cold war and the nuclear arms race forever.

That historic decision will be made, through action or inaction, by the American President inaugurated on January 20, 1989. If he has the wisdom and resolve to join Gorbachev in an all-out effort to end the cold war, he will no doubt be traduced by our cold war lobbies and gravely reproached by the "bipartisan center." But he has nothing to fear politically from the American people. Recent opinion polls show that the public is weary of cold war tensions and military buildups, fearful of nuclear weapons, open-minded about Gorbachev's overtures and deeply alarmed by America's economic and social problems.

From the beginning of his Administration, the President need only speak candidly to the people. He must say that Gorbachev's proposals represent a long-awaited possibility, though not yet a certainty, of ending the cold war, and that he is determined, for the sake of America's best interests, to begin his presidency by testing Gorbachev's sincerity rather than new weapons. He should emphasize that the long journey to a post-cold war relationship is certain to include temporary setbacks and disappointments, and that the realistic destination is not likely to be a U.S.-Soviet friendship or alliance. Very different historical experiences, dissimilar political systems and real conflicts have made our two nations natural rivals for the foreseeable future.

The President must explain that the joint quest, based on a U.S.-Soviet partnership in survival, is for a relationship in which cooperation and tolerance displace the most dangerous conflicts, and in which the residual rivalry can be expressed primarily in nonmilitary ways. If the United States and the Soviet Union must compete, let us do so not in an arms race that threatens everyone and benefits no one but in a compassion race to improve the lives of our respective peoples and those of less developed countries. Let us compete to demonstrate in deeds, rather than in provocative ideological assertions, which is the more caring system, American democratic capitalism or the Soviet socialism with a human face of which Gorbachev speaks. And let that competition go on indefinitely.

For this to happen requires a new American thinking about the Soviet Union and about real national security in a changing world, in order to overcome decades of our own cold war dogmas and reflexes. Only the President from his "bully pulpit" can provide this kind of leadership. He alone has the authority and the nation's constant attention. And he more than anyone else can shift the politically acceptable mainstream of media discourse, which has featured a dialogue between cold warriors and chilly warriors during the Reagan years, to a national discussion about how to achieve a new U.S.-Soviet relationship.

As the leader of this discussion, the forty-first President should introduce two important principles. First, while Americans dislike many aspects of its behavior, the Soviet Union is a legitimate great power with rightful interests in world affairs. Recognizing this principle of political parity, the United States is prepared to join the Soviet Union in an expanded process of negotiations to end the cold war through mutual concessions that safeguard the reasonable interests of both countries. (The President might add that it no longer matters which nation bears the greater responsibility for the history of the cold war, only that both sides agree it must stop.) Clinging to a specious analogy, cold warriors will cry "Appeasement!" but the President will reply that there is no one-way street to mutual security or to the end of the cold war.

Second, the President must take the leading role in demilitarizing American thinking about the Soviet Union by fully rehabilitating the principles and practices of political diplomacy and accord. All of our underlying conflicts with the Soviet Union are political ones. This does not mean that the United States should disarm unilaterally or be militarily weak. It does mean that it must stop seeking solutions to political conflicts by inventing new weapons systems, as both sides have done for so many years. The goal is to

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replace that overwhelmingly military relationship with a diplomatic one. It also means that no arms control agreements will ever be stable without larger political accords to protect them against the underlying conflicts, as we learned with SALT II and the A.B.M. treaty and as will be true of I.N.F., START and any other treaties to come.

If the next President wants to provide such anti-cold war leadership, he will have to translate it very quickly into bold U.S. actions and proposals. The pace of the arms race, growing conflicts around the world and Gorbachev's embattled position at home leave no time for the prolonged ritual of muscle-flexing by a new incumbent. Ten steps are particularly important:

1. The President should, preferably in his inaugural address, assure Gorbachev that the United States is now ready for open-minded and good-faith negotiations on every disputed U.S.-Soviet issue, without exception. To initiate this expanded process of negotiations as quickly as possible, he should send one or two of his closest personal associates to Moscow to convey his own preferred agenda of discussions and to learn Gorbachev's.

2. In his inaugural speech, the President also should accept Gorbachev's longstanding offer of an immediate U.S.-Soviet moratorium on the testing of all nuclear weapons and devices, including space-based antimissile systems. Such a moratorium, which can be reliably verified, is crucial. It will stop the ongoing nuclear arms race, because weapons that cannot be tested will not be deployed, and thus are unlikely to be funded. It will thereby give the snail's pace process of arms limitations talks much-needed time to catch up with the torrid pace of weapons technology. And it will be a dramatic indication of U.S.-Soviet determination to end the nuclear arms race forever.

3. No less important, the President must not compensate by rushing into a buildup (or "modernization," as it is euphemistically called) of conventional weapons. These armaments and the requisite troops account for almost 80 percent of U.S. defense spending. If they continue to grow, no substantial budgetary funds will ever be liberated for nonmilitary purposes, and another dimension of the cold war will go on, perhaps even intensify. Instead, the President should explore fully Gorbachev's extraordinary offer to reduce Soviet and U.S. conventional forces in Europe in "asymmetrical" ways that will eliminate the perceived Soviet superiority in various categories. Having always wished for fewer Soviet troops in central and Eastern Europe, how can we not prefer this alternative to yet another costly buildup?

4. What may be the Soviet Union's changing role in both Eastern and Western Europe also requires a farsighted response by the President. The Brezhnev doctrine, formulated to justify the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968, seems to have been officially repudiated under Gorbachev. According to the recently declared "Gorbachev doctrine," as a Soviet newspaper termed it, Moscow now acknowledges that every ruling Communist Party in Eastern Europe is "fully autonomous in its actions" and thus no longer subject to the threat of Soviet military intervention. If so, the President should respond positively to this development by fully normalizing U.S. political and economic relations with all of those governments. He also should encourage growing political and economic relations between our Western European allies and Moscow. Since the Soviet Union is in significant respects a European nation, such relations ought to be viewed as part of a healthy normalization of European politics, not as a threat to U.S. interests. If the Atlantic alliance is really based on the shared democratic values of its members, why the constant alarm that Moscow may somehow deceive or "decouple" America's NATO allies?

5. Aware that even the most determined measures to end the arms race will fail without equal efforts to diminish U.S.-Soviet political conflicts everywhere, the President should propose substantive and symbolic acts of cooperation in the Third World, the scene of so many present and potential superpower collisions. Above all, as the largest suppliers of arms to those regions, which serve only to increase the murderous nature of indigenous civil wars, the United States and the Soviet Union must agree to replace military aid with economic assistance. They must also negotiate a code of mutual restraint banning direct or covert use of superpower forces, proxies and even military advisers in those regional conflicts. In addition, as a potent symbol of a post-cold war era of cooperation, the President could propose the creation of an American-Soviet Youth Corps that will send to Third World countries not weapons and soldiers but young doctors, teachers, agronomists and engineers, who together can heal, teach, cultivate and build. When they return home, these young people may become future leaders of a post-cold war world.

6. In the same spirit, the President should propose the formation of a special U.S.-Soviet task force, composed of visionary thinkers from both countries, to design other forms of cooperation; for example, strengthening the United Nation's peacekeeping capabilities, halting nuclear proliferation, devising antiterrorism measures, fighting worldwide diseases and hunger, seeking safe sources of energy, protecting the earth's environment, exploring outer space and resolving regional conflicts already under way. The task force would not replace foreign policy bureaucracies in either country, but it must be far more creative than they have proved to be over the years.

7. One exceedingly dangerous regional conflict requires the President's urgent attention. Acknowledging that both superpowers have vested interests in the Middle East and that no lasting peace settlement there is possible without the support of both, he must ask the Soviet Union to rejoin multilateral negotiations, from which it has been excluded since 1978. In return, the President will expect the Soviet Union to restore full diplomatic relations with Israel, which it broke off in 1967, and to persuade Syria and the Palestine Liberation Organization to recognize irrevocably Israel's right to a secure existence.

8. In addition the President should respond positively to some promising improvements under Gorbachev affecting Soviet Jews who wish to emigrate and those who do not. The Jackson-Vanik and Stevenson amendments, passed by

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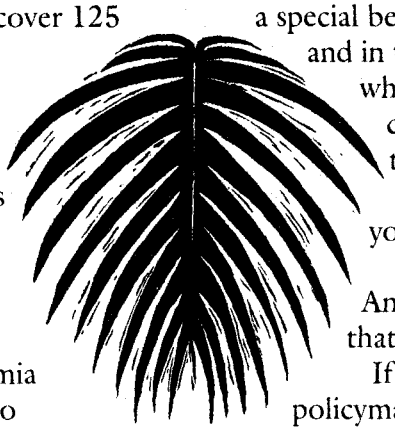

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Congress in 1974, severely limited U.S.-Soviet trade by linking it to Jewish emigration from the Soviet Union. In light of recent developments, the President should promise to seek ways to expand the economic relationship between the two countries.

9. It is also important for the President to acknowledge publicly that the Soviet Union, like the United States, is understandably alarmed by perceived threats in neighboring countries. In particular, perhaps as much as 15 to 18 percent of Soviet defense spending, and a quarter of the country's troops, are directed against China, with whom it shares a 4,500-mile border. With this in mind, the President should renounce any intention of a Washington-Beijing alliance against Moscow, the so-called China card, and announce that his Administration will not supply any kind of weapons to China. The United States seeks a flourishing political and economic relationship with Beijing, not a military one. Indeed, the President could add that he applauds the growing signs of a détente in Sino-Soviet relations.

10. Finally, so that all these initiatives can be pursued vigorously and consistently, and without the internecine conflicts that characterized previous U.S. Administrations, the President should appoint to all the relevant foreign policy positions only people deeply committed to his anti-cold war effort.

Some people will say that such proposals to end the cold war reflect a naïveté about Soviet intentions and about harsh political constraints on American presidential leadership. But more than three years of Gorbachev's policies give us ample reason to believe that he will respond with still more initiatives and concessions of his own. As for presidential leadership, perhaps we have forgotten what it ought to be—not political recipes cunningly prepared to appeal to the greatest number of bipartisan tastes but an understanding of the nation's real interests and the courage to pursue them. Nor should we forget that the remarkably bold Gorbachev emerged out of the far harsher and more constrictive political world of the Soviet Communist Party apparatus. Are we to believe that American democracy cannot produce a comparable leader to meet him halfway?

When Gorbachev's radical proposals to solve his country's problems were opposed by his own centrists, he replied defiantly: "If not now, when? If not us, who?" Given a historic opportunity to end the cold war, we can rightfully ask: If not now, when? If not the next President, who? □

LETTERS.

(*Continued From Page 294*)

New Society Publishers ($7.95; 4527 Springfield Ave., Philadelphia PA 19143).

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HOW THE OTHER HALF FIGHTS

New York City

Peter Kwong and JoAnn Lum's article "How the Other Half Lives Now" [June 18] articulates only one side of a longstanding debate in Chinatown over the unionization of Chinese workers. Kwong's close associate, Wing Lam, is the head of the independent union movement in Chinatown and is quoted as a major authority throughout the article. Lam has a small but vocal group that focuses on attacking A.F.L.-C.I.O. unions in favor of their own in-house independent unions. In our view as workers and unionists, this trend has played a negative and divisive role, especially in the efforts a few years back to organize New York's Chinese restaurants.

Now Peter Kwong and Wing Lam are aiming their fire at the International Ladies Garment Workers Union. We are offended by their depiction of the Chinese members of the union as a passive and frightened lot. In fact, Chinese activism in the I.L.G.W.U. has been on the rise. In preparation for the 1988 contract, several hundred shop representatives attended a union retreat where contract issues and concerns were discussed and debated. To the Chinese garment worker, one thing for certain is the importance of the I.L.G.W.U.'s health and welfare benefits and its educational programs and services. Through the Chinese Committee of the Coalition of Labor Union Women, Chinese union members have marched in Washington and participated in a range of union and community activities. The Kwong and Lum article totally fails to suggest how these active union members can play a role in changing and contributing to today's I.L.G.W.U.

In essence, Peter Kwong and Wing Lam promote the same isolationism and mystique about Chinese workers as the Chinese bosses they criticize, concluding that "Chinese should take care of Chinese." They send a message to workers to criticize and reject the union. In the New York Chinatown garment industry, where more than 20,000 workers belong to the I.L.G.W.U., the alternative of independent unionism is divisive and totally out of touch with reality, as it simply perpetuates the marginalization of the Chinatown labor force. As far as we're concerned, this situation would only benefit the bosses and those "worker advocates" who have made it their profession to represent the oppressed Chinese workers to the "outside" world. In our opinion, Chinese workers need no such condescending saviors.

The historic rallies of Chinese I.L.G.W.U. members in 1982 proved that Chinese workers stand with the union in asserting their rights. Without a doubt, there is much more to be done, but these are positive trends which we know will grow. They reflect the process of development and maturation of Chinese workers "coming into our own" in the labor movement.

Randy Wei
Alice Ip
May Ying Chen

KWONG AND LUM REPLY

New York City

As ranking members of the I.L.G.W.U. Local 23-25 bureaucracy, Wei, Ip and Chen are obviously uninterested in discussing the substance of our article. Instead, they want to divert attention from our criticisms of the efforts of an ineffectual and decaying union to represent the interests of Chinese workers by employing tactics comparable to Red-baiting. Other diversionary devices include the introduction of issues we did not address, such as the role of independent unions in Chinatown, and misrepresentations of ones we did—suggesting, for example, that we concluded that all the workers were passive and that "Chinese should take care of Chinese." In addition, in saying that any questioning of established I.L.G.W.U. organizing strategy is "divisive," they are implying that different class interests do not exist within the Chinese community. Ignoring these divisions is part of the union's strategy to keep peace between labor and management, an arrangement that benefits management and forces workers to tolerate poor working conditions. As we discussed in our article, this attitude is part of the story of how the union has betrayed the interests of its workers. And while one would expect newly recruited Chinese unionists to be more responsive and accountable to Chinese workers, alas, it appears that we cannot count on union careerists like Wei, Ip and Chen.

Peter Kwong
JoAnn Lum

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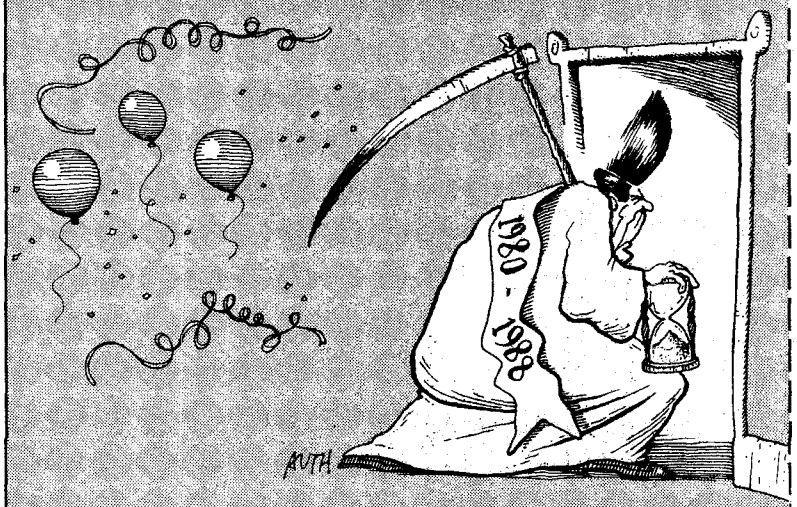
"Humbug!"



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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

'Here to Stay'

NATHAN IRVIN HUGGINS

THE LIFE OF LANGSTON HUGHES, Volume II: 1941-1967: I Dream a World. *By Arnold Rampersad. Oxford University Press. 512 pp. $24.95.*

With blues as your muse you expect to be down even when you're on top of things. In February 1941, when Arnold Rampersad takes up the second part of his comprehensive study of Langston Hughes, the poet was certainly down in every way. He was under debilitating medication in a California hospital, recovering from a long and painful bout with gonorrhea. He was dead broke and forced once more to rely on the generosity of friends. He was being hounded by the political right for his early sympathy for the Soviet Union and for his youthful attacks on the hypocrisy of Christianity. He got out of that hole, and others, as his reputation and fortunes waxed and waned over the next two decades. But there was never an upbeat that did not echo the down.

Like the bluesman, heroism for Hughes was the persistence of self with integrity, perspective and humor. A defiant cry—"Still Here" (1941), "Here to Stay" (1953)—runs as a refrain through his work. The abiding and indestructible self, however, is not Langston Hughes but the spirit and soul of black folks, which he assumes as a persona. Such a survival had to be negotiated in full awareness of the inescapable irony and ultimate absurdity of life. Being black in America makes one confront that irony and absurdity as white folks need not. That is why blues is a black folks' idiom, and to that testimony Langston Hughes committed himself.

Hughes, alone of the young writers from the Harlem Renaissance, persisted with his original voice and vision into the 1960s. Rudolph Fisher and Wallace Thurman died in 1930. Jean Toomer abandoned writing for a comfortable marriage and religious mysticism. The careers of Nella Larsen, Countee Cullen and Claude McKay foundered in the 1940s, well before their deaths. Zora Neale Hurston's work only found much deserved attention more than a decade after her sad and unremarked death in 1960. Hughes's friend Arna Bontemps, having a family and mouths other than his own to feed, settled into a job as librarian at Fisk University and subordinated his writing to necessity. It was not merely that Hughes lived longer; it was the intensity and single-mindedness of his commitment that made the difference.

In 1926, in the pages of *The Nation*, Langston Hughes proclaimed his manifesto, "The Negro Artist and the Racial Mountain." Black Americans had an identity, a spirit, a perspective on life, a culture, an idiom, which was articulated in their speech and music (the blues more than spirituals) and it was the responsibility of black writers to craft their art from that medium. In his lifetime he would write hundreds of poems, some librettos for musical theater and operas, a novel and countless pages of prose, plays and other dramatic works. Hardly a word of it can be said to contradict that vision.

He wrote a lot, and he liked to give the impression that his writing (especially his poetry) was instinctive or intuitive, like jazz riffs and innovations; it was supposed to be natural, never worked at in a studied way. He was criticized for that. Some complained that his poetry sometimes resembled doggerel. James Baldwin charged that he had "stopped thinking." Ralph Ellison dismissed him as "incapable of sustained labor on a single, epic enterprise." Strange, Hughes had imagined his entire professional life had been just such a labor.

From the beginning Hughes swore himself to making his living from his writing. He would not take jobs unrelated to his art, like teaching, editing or portering. That, in the 1920s, was a courageous or foolhardy thing for a black man to do. The market open to black writers was thin and fickle, and poetry was a notoriously poor way to make a living. Standard American magazines and journals would not welcome Hughes's material, and radio and film were closed to black writers. Hughes's career was, therefore, within the range of his vision, opportunistic. He agreed to almost any proposition that would pay him for his writing: children's books, plays, stories, newspaper columns, operas, oratorios, translations from Spanish and French, what have you. For most of his life, he would rely on reading his poetry throughout the country, especially to Southern black communities and universities—after each reading, selling his books with a smile and an autograph.

Writing was a contingent and fragile livelihood, and that is why the unrelenting hounding by the political right threatened disaster. In 1941 Hughes recanted as youthful indiscretions two poems of the 1930s: "Goodbye Christ" and "Put one more 'S' in USA," but to no avail. He denied being a Communist, but he never denounced the left. Slowly and without display, he withdrew from association with groups that might bring him trouble, and he found a comfortable retreat in the Red-baiting N.A.A.C.P. As a final obsequence, he submitted himself to the humiliation of a "honorable surrender" before Senator McCarthy and his committee. He quietly explained to Roy Cohn, Joseph McCarthy, Everett Dirksen, John McClellan et al. about irony, about the voice of the poem not necessarily being that of the poet, about why a black American might have had a youthful infatuation with the young Soviet Union, the only nation to have officially denounced racism. While he did not name names or denounce anyone or anything, he performed sufficiently the rites of exorcism: openly acknowledging his brush with the devil, persuading the tribunal he was no longer possessed. He even admitted some sixteen of his books probably ought not to be in the United States' overseas libraries; but with an eye always on survival he suggested his "more recent books" should be there. Hughes distinctly remembered that at the end of the ordeal, just as he was being dismissed, Senator McCarthy actually winked at him—lest he forget the absurd.

Persistence through the 1940s and 1950s was the more difficult because no matter how much he produced, in whatever genre, Hughes never seemed able to break through to the public recognition and reputation he wanted and thought he deserved. Even his successful collaboration with Elmer Rice and Kurt Weill on *Street Scene* led to nothing in particular. He wrote the libretto for William Grant Still's opera *Troubled Island*, but Still's

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kind of music was in the losing camp in the struggle between champions of "American" music led by Howard Hanson and the European-influenced "American modernism" that would later be expressed by such composers as Aaron Copeland. It was nearly impossible to get the opera performed, and it met a cool if not hostile reception when, after many years, it was finally heard. The composer Jan Meyerowitz persuaded Hughes to join in several ambitious projects, each opening to a lukewarm reception; each time Hughes complained that his words couldn't be heard over Meyerowitz's modernistic music.

More troubling, Langston Hughes would see his career eclipsed by younger black writers. He had always been generous with young writers, and all the black writers who came into prominence in the postwar years owed Hughes something, not only as someone who had prepared the way but as one quick with encouragement and support. But as with every generational transition, this one raised conflicting values and gave Hughes intimations of his mortality.

He was particularly annoyed by the successes of Richard Wright, Ralph Ellison and James Baldwin. In spite of himself, he could not resist a bit of envy and even some resentment that none of his work received the acclaim or the rewards that came to these authors. Something about his style—his *sans souci*, his genial personality—made it difficult to take him really seriously, even when he was most acerbic and critical. The ironic voice, the blues muse, has that problem: Its most poignant insight issues forth in a wry and knowing smile rather than in purposeful rage. The novels of these three younger writers demanded attention. Like them or not, they were social, political and humanistic critiques one could not ignore.

Equally distressing for Hughes was how the works of these young writers, although they wrote about blacks, departed from the vision of his 1926 manifesto. Having wrestled with racial angst, they came out not revealing the Negro's soul but celebrating the individual self, at best, and negation, at worst. They attempted to buy a personal salvation through an intellectual or ideological distancing.

Like Hughes, both Richard Wright and Ralph Ellison had, in the 1930s, flirted with Marxism and Communism. Unlike Hughes, it seems, they expected the left to offer solutions to the quandaries of race in America. Their disillusionment was the greater for it. The same reliance on reason that tempted them to embrace Marxism propelled them toward other rational systems once that god failed. For Hughes, it was all a denial of the "racial mountain."

Hughes certainly did not admire Wright's brutal naturalism in *Native Son*. He thought it sordid and contemptuous of black people. He liked even less Wright's later plunge into nihilism and negation. He did not like the literary modernism, *de rigueur* in the 1950s, that informed Ralph Ellison's art. Ellison's tireless work on his masterpiece, his refusal to publish parts as they came along, was hard for Hughes to comprehend. He was bemused, nevertheless, and genially encouraging until the spectacular reception of *Invisible Man*—as if America had finally found its black novel and its black writer. Beyond envy and resentment, Hughes was alien to the mind behind that work, finding its existentialism merely another kind of distancing from race.

He was no more impressed by what he saw to be a trend among black writers toward a confessional literature, in which personal *angst* became the source

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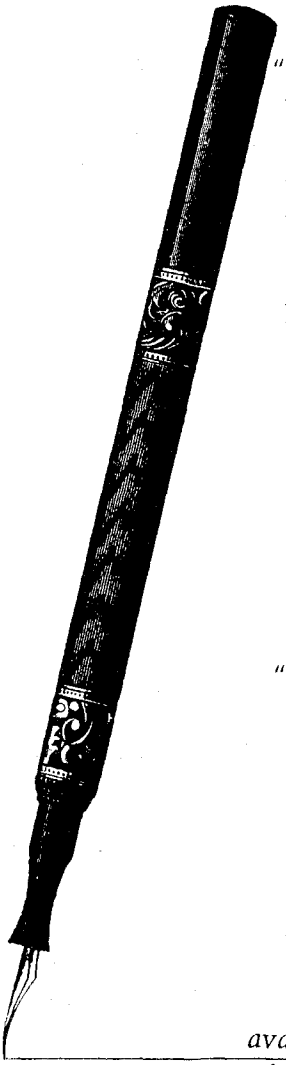

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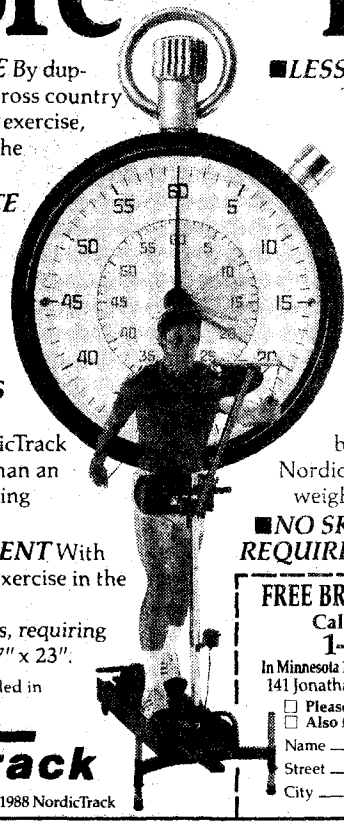

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of a public wail, to be "felt-sorry-for by your own self." So he found little to like in the works of James Baldwin and Chester Himes. Hughes would echo Richard Wright's comment about Baldwin: "This man disgusts, there is a kind of shameful weeping in what he writes." Such self-absorption was its own rejection of the racial mountain. Wright, Baldwin and Himes would go the whole way by their expatriation to Europe. *Invisible Man*'s protagonist, escaping to his cellar, was a kind of expatriate. And Ellison, in his aerie on Riverside Drive, might as well have been.

It was Ralph Ellison who pointed to what made Hughes different from the rest. For Hughes, Ellison complained, race was the source of everything. "To me," he said, "it was simply lazy-mindedness on Langston's part." Hughes would not assume responsibility for his artistic growth and change, invoking instead "the excuse of racism." Ellison and the others were very much aware of the changing literary forms and techniques, and of the need to master them "in order to get in the game," to use Ellison's figure. "But Langston," he went on, "had stopped thinking. He had cut himself off from what was really important in art and the intellectual life." Hughes, for his part, saw modernism as intellectually pretentious, fundamentally alien to the spirit and source of Afro-American genius—an escape from the racial mountain.

In April 1967, just weeks before Langston Hughes died, I had a chance to interview him after a typically warm and moving public reading of his poetry, this time to benefit the newly founded Museum of Afro-American History in Boston. We talked of the Harlem Renaissance, of course, to help me with a book I was writing. We also talked of "modernism" and what it meant for Afro-American poetry. And that made him tell a story about his poet friend Melvin Tolson.

According to Hughes, he and Tolson had often commiserated over the fact that their poetry was totally ignored by the intellectuals and was never taught in colleges. Tolson argued that with the "New Critics" in the driver's seat, poets could only get attention with work no one could understand. He vowed, said Hughes, to write a book of poetry with so many and such arcane references as to make T.S. Eliot pray for footnotes.

If that was his intent, he certainly succeeded in his *Harlem Gallery* (1965), a work of extraordinary complexity and erudition. It would seem by that work's

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reception that Tolson had gotten "in the game." The book won ringing praise from *both* Alan Tate and Karl Shapiro. Alan Tate found Tolson the first Negro poet to have "assimilated completely . . . the language of the Anglo-American poetic tradition." Shapiro asserted that "Tolson writes in Negro."

Despite such praise, Hughes would surely not be surprised that, "in the game" or not, *Harlem Gallery* has not been much discussed since, and Tolson is still not read by undergraduates or graduate students of American literature. For him, if not for Ellison, it would be further proof of the persistent absurdity of American culture, where everything comes down to race in the end.

Hughes was not so depressed by the successes of all black writers of the time. He eagerly applauded Gwendolyn Brooks's winning the 1949 Pulitzer Prize for poetry. He had been a support and encouragement to her, and she readily acknowledged her debt to him. He also liked the work of Ann Petry and Paule Marshall. He felt a genuine pride in the success of Lorraine Hansberry's play *A Raisin in the Sun*, taking deserved pleasure from the fact that his poetry had been an inspiration. Was it mere coincidence that he liked the women writers most? Or was it that they found it possible to continue an unambiguous love of the Negro people as the source of their art while they wrote with unflinching realism?

This second volume of Arnold Rampersad's two-part biography reveals how consistent and unswerving Langston Hughes was to his original vision and commitment to race, in spite of the extraordinary diffusion of his artistic interests and energies. The dominant irony in the blues fixed his point of view; the absurdity of race in America was compelling and inescapable. His response was neither anger nor rage but a genial stoicism.

Some of Rampersad's best pages are those devoted to Jesse B. Semple, the character Hughes created in 1943 for a column in the Chicago *Defender*. Those columns developed as an ongoing dialogue between the narrator, Boyd, and Semple, whom Boyd called "my simple-minded friend." Boyd was bourgeois, educated, reasonable and a bit stuffy. "Simple," as he came to be called, saw everything as a "race man." For him, there was no reason mitigating the fact of race. Simple is probably Hughes's most powerful creation—Simple and Boyd comprising the permanent poles of Afro-American consciousness. They are, doubtless, Hughes's own voices: "myself," as he put it, "talking to me. Or else me talking to myself." Few black writers could, as Hughes did, embrace and expose to public view the Simple in themselves.

Any final literary assessment of Hughes and his work will be disputed, and Rampersad does not venture any here. He approaches the biography as one would approach *cinéma vérité*, revealing the life as it unfolds with only occasional and slight comment or judgment. This volume, like the first, is rich in detail, intelligent and well written. It satisfies admirably our need for a full understanding of the life and career of Langston Hughes. The author has, however, left unanswered questions about Hughes's significance for American literature and culture.

These volumes will, nevertheless, allow cultural historians to appreciate the rich insights Hughes's opus offers into the life, language, culture and mentality of Afro-Americans during the middle years of the twentieth century. The idiom, the rhythms and sensibilities of urban black

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America are captured in Hughes's language more and better than anywhere else. As for originality, he created new forms by successfully wedding urban black idioms to conventional forms. It was Hughes's creation of gospel theater in such works as *Black Nativity* and *Tambourines to Glory* that opened new possibilities for the sacred and profane in American culture. We shall live off that investment for some time to come.

Hughes's purpose in life and art was to persist for himself and for the race:

> But I'm here, still here—
> And I intend to be!
> It'll never be *that* easy, white folks,
> To get rid of me.

Even death could not efface the wry smile, the irony. Hughes's final words for his funeral were from an Ellington tune:

> Do nothing till you hear from me. □

Mothering Joyce

WENDY GIMBEL

NORA: The Real Life of Molly Bloom. *By Brenda Maddox. Houghton Mifflin. 472 pp. $24.95.*

Because they were so intellectually incompatible, the marriage of James Joyce and Nora Barnacle has been dismissed as a kind of literary vaudeville act: the genius and the barmaid. Only grudgingly have scholars granted that Nora Barnacle was her husband's private Ireland. Reinvented in his fictions, she appears in a dazzling series of literary incarnations: from Gretta in "The Dead" to Molly Bloom in *Ulysses* to Anna Livia Plurabelle in *Finnegans Wake.*

In *Nora: The Real Life of Molly Bloom*, Brenda Maddox peels away her subject's many fictive masks. She tells the story of the ordinary Nora Barnacle, the high-spirited young woman with a ribbon in her hair who bore the children and kept the bill collectors from the door. Maddox's strength is as a feminist historian—an observer of women and how they go about the business of living. The narrative interest proceeds from her eye for detail—Nora with her curling iron styling Joyce's hair *en brosse* or alone in a Roman cinema watching a melodramatic *Cavalleria Infernale.* Her subject's practical humor comes alive in her wonderful skewering of language. According to Nora, a friend's apartment is so bad, it's "not fit to wash a rat in."

The biography sets out to replace the caricature of the genius and the barmaid with a rather gothic version of Madonna and Child. For thirty-seven years, Nora's greatest priority was the construction of an environment where Joyce could flourish. In cooperating with his fantasies, she learned that a womb was what he craved, a silent world in which he might create. Joyce had made no secret of his attraction to a mother's love. "There are only two forms of love in the world," he once said, "the love of a mother for her child and the love of a man for lies."

His own biographer Richard Ellman has noted that Joyce found the relationship of lovers too remote and longed to join himself to the maternal Nora. Brenda Maddox concentrates on the consequences of Joyce's successful attempt to do that. Sometimes she argues so forcefully that the biography seems too schematic. But the problem is built into the character of her subject. Focusing on Nora, who never read a line of *Ulysses*, Maddox doesn't really give us a sense of the artist who coexisted with the child. Without allowing that figure to emerge, Madonna and Child is as much a distortion as genius and barmaid.

They might always have known each other—two insecure and unmothered children struggling along in a diminished Ireland. For Nora, at her birth in 1884, the landscape was Galway—a place which writers were only beginning to romanticize. Ordinary people were trying to leave it behind. More were lost to the emigrant boats, it was said, than to the graveyards. At the age of 2, when her mother cleaned out a too-crowded nest, she sent Nora to live with a grandmother. The daughter never forgave her mother for that early rejection.

The radical sense of displacement that Nora suffered in that moment of abandonment generated an instinct for survival. Not being able to count on a permanent home, she reasoned that she could make one anywhere. She learned the orphan's game: improvisation and accommodation. To prevent another rejection, she would ingratiate herself with others. If that didn't work, she would dissemble. When her Uncle Tom refused her permission to stay out at night, she dressed up in men's clothes and passed herself off, even to him, as a good-sized boy. When he beat her with his blackthorn stick, however, she took off for Dublin and never said goodbye.

For James Joyce, although better educated than Nora, the early years were not so different. *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* conveys the childish longings for a mother and the rage at an alcoholic, improvident father. A generation before, the Joyces might have outclassed the Barnacles, but not when James was growing up. The differences between James and Nora had more to do with character than with background. In 1904, when he met her, it became clear that Joyce had a great gift for getting exactly what he needed. "Chance furnishes me what I need. I am like a man who stumbles along; my foot strikes something. I bend over and it is exactly what I want." When he stumbled across Nora, penniless and without protection, he had no trouble convincing her to link her life to his. It was a chance most young women would have passed up. But the adventurous Nora had nothing to lose except a job as a chambermaid at Mrs. Finn's on Lower Dominick Street.

If she had any bourgeois fantasies, Joyce quickly destroyed them. There was no question of marriage; the artist repudiated any conventional ritual which he associated with his doomed family. (In fact, the two did not marry until 1931.) Instead of a wedding ring, he offered her a ticket to London on the night boat from Dublin. Never did he mention that he loved her. In return for asking her to believe in him instead of God, Joyce offered her unusual standing room: "No human being has ever stood so close to my soul as you stand."

Almost from the very beginning, he saw her as a mother. An eldest son, Joyce had been his mother's favorite, and he had found Nora less than a year after his mother's death. Early on, he wrote that he wanted, like an infant, to nestle in her womb. Her first pregnancy, with Giorgio, challenged his position as the dominant child, and he responded by drinking heavily and aggressively fighting for reinstatement. The prospect of Lucia's birth, two years later, activated similar feelings: "My wife, if nothing else, knows how to produce children and how to blow soap bubbles. . . . We have George the First. If I don't watch out she is liable to stick me with a second heir to the dynasty. No, No,

Wendy Gimbel is a writer and critic who lives in New York City.

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Nora, my girl. I have little appetite for that game." According to Maddox, Nora responded to the household crises by drawing into herself. But it seems clear that she also made some sort of internal decision, allowing Joyce to rule unchallenged in the nursery. After Lucia's birth, she always made the children adapt themselves to their father's needs.

When Joyce went back to Ireland, two years later, he left Nora to wait in Trieste where they had been living. The separation, clearly very unsettling, triggered a classic regression. Like a jealous infant, Joyce insisted on possessing his mother. He raged against Nora for having had any sort of sexual life before she knew him. The so-called dirty letters, the evidence of adult perversion, are really demonstrations of other aspects of his childish fixations.

Everything concerned with excrement was pleasurable to Joyce. His letters are demands that Nora share that scatological excitement and intensify it in pornographic replies. He invites her into an infantile world where a shared curiosity about bodily functions constitutes the highest degree of intimacy. Throughout 1909, he begged her to share that cloacal obsession: "Write more and dirtier, darling."

Although her own letters from that period have never surfaced, Joyce makes it clear that he was pleased by her pornographic flights. Maddox argues that Nora only accommodated Joyce's fantasies in order to get the money she needed to survive. Possibly she used it as a peculiar way of getting a household allowance. But, as the wags say, there must be easier ways to make a living.

More likely, she immersed herself in his erotic world because she could never deny him anything. Whatever he wanted, she was willing to be, Virgin Mother or obscenity-spouting whore. What mattered was to be with him. By the end of that year, the "dirty letters" were finished. Banished were the whip and the white drawers. Now Joyce projected all of his romantic fantasies on the mythically resilient Nora: "My beautiful wild flower of the hedges! My dark-blue, rain-drenched flower."

Mothering James Joyce required all of Nora's considerable energy. In the years of their growing up, Lucia and Giorgio were the victims of their mother's emotional triage. Reared benevolently, but rather like Topsy, the Joyce children never flourished. Always, the family did what Joyce wanted, even if it meant uprooting the children. Moving between Trieste, Zurich and Paris, Lucia and Giorgio became disoriented even as the constant travel nurtured their father. Their cultural and linguistic isolation showed itself in their habit of retreating into Triestine slang, a private patois that no one, not even their parents, could understand. If they couldn't compete, they could retreat. And what else could they have done, these little beings who were neither as brilliant nor as famous as their father. Never a sentimentalist about his children, Joyce seemed frustrated by them, remarking that their mother was worth three of each of them.

Friends blamed Joyce's indifference for Giorgio's lack of preparation for any career. By all accounts, Giorgio had a splendid voice but suffered from paralyzing stage fright. Instead of helping him to develop his talent, Joyce threw his efforts behind the singing career of John Sullivan, a tenor—the ideal son he never had. Giorgio sank into a kind of listlessness and began to drink heavily. His marriage to a rich American, many years his senior, ended when she was committed to a mental institution.

On her father's fiftieth birthday, Lucia Joyce hurled a chair at Nora, her sanity finally giving way to unbearable pressure. Fragile, talented, with what Joyce called "wonder wild" eyes, Lucia could not withstand the never-settled home, her mother's obsession with her self-absorbed father and the loss of her brother to his American bride. Joyce would not hear of Lucia's illness. He gave her 4,000 francs for a fur coat, suggesting that it would do her much more good than a psychoanalyst. Joyce and his daughter, said Jung, were "like two people going to the bottom of the river—one falling, the other diving." By 1936, however, there was no hope for her. Lucia was permanently hospitalized and it is possible that Nora never saw her daughter again.

Without this biography, Nora might have remained at the mercy of the academics who consigned her to a literary petri dish. Scholars could look at her there and see not the real woman but the Ireland of their hero. Maddox gives us a seat in the depths of Nora's sensibility, at the heart of her obsessive love for Joyce. From there, it's easy to see why the two were almost more grafted than wedded. When Tom Joyce first heard the name of the girl with whom his son had run away, he remarked,

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"Barnacle? She'll never leave him." When James Joyce died of a perforated ulcer, just short of his fifty-ninth birthday, Nora was still there. □

Threads of Conspiracy

MAURICE ISSERMAN

ALL THE RIGHT ENEMIES: The Life and Murder of Carlo Tresca. *By Dorothy Gallagher. Rutgers University Press. 332 pp. $24.95.*

In 1913 Carlo Tresca moved to New York City to live with his lover and fellow I.W.W. agitator Elizabeth Gurley Flynn. "Flynn was then twenty-two," Dorothy Gallagher writes in her exhaustively researched and sometimes lyrically written biography of Tresca, "as gifted a rabble-rouser as he, as profoundly political a being." It was a blissful moment for the two lovers and for the movement they served. "More than one thousand socialists held political office in 1911," Gallagher continues:

> Emma Goldman was the most popular lecturer in the country. Eugene Debs polled almost a million votes in the 1912 election. It seemed more than possible that the insurgency in the air would become the solid shape of the future.

Thirty years later, on the night of January 11, 1943, Flynn was on the platform at a Lenin Memorial meeting in Madison Square Garden when she heard the news that Carlo Tresca had been found dead on a lower Manhattan street corner, gunned down by an unknown assailant. The two had long since followed separate paths, personally and politically. Flynn was by then a top Communist Party leader; Tresca the publisher of an obscure Italian-language anarchist newspaper. Flynn was shaken by Tresca's death, and in her grief wrote that only now could she finally forgive "your decadent decline, your paltry friends. In memory I restore you to your glowing past, when you were young and strong and brave to me." It was a different world in 1943, much colder and harder. Flynn had tried to accommodate herself to the new political realities. Tresca had not. It was his tragedy to outlive his moment in history by thirty years.

Born in Italy in 1879, Tresca had hoped to study law until the collapse of his family's fortune blighted his prospects. Instead he found his true vocation when he joined the Italian Socialist Party at age 20 and began to organize the local peasantry. As Gallagher writes, he was "six-feet tall, slim, with blue eyes, and brown hair. He had all the assurance of his class and the buoyancy of his nature." He was also motivated by a fierce and genuine hatred of injustice—and by his equally genuine love for the adoration of crowds. In 1904 he was forced to flee Italy to avoid imprisonment as the result of a libel suit. After a brief stop in Lausanne, where he met fellow socialist and future antagonist Benito Mussolini, he made his way to the United States. Within a few weeks he had thrown himself into a round of agitation, organization and publication which he kept up for the next four decades.

It was during his first dozen years in the United States that Tresca really made his mark. Although *All the Right Enemies* presents what will be familiar terrain to students of American radicalism—following Tresca to Lawrence, Paterson and the Mesabi Iron Range, among other famous battlefields in the American class war—Gallagher's narrative gift makes the return to familiar territory worthwhile. It is easy to romanticize the era, overlooking the fierce internecine quarrels that divided the left. Nevertheless, prewar U.S. radicalism possessed a faith, innocence and exuberant good humor whose value would only be fully appreciated once they were lost. "Do you like Miss Flynn?" immigrant silk workers chanted during the 1913 Paterson strike. "Yes, Yes, Yes, Yes! Do you like Carlo Tresca? Yes, Yes, Yes, Yes! Do you like Mayor McBride? No! No! No! No!"

The coming of the Great War changed the world of American radicalism irrevocably, undermining the left's assumptions about human perfectibility and historical inevitability, while licensing the worst impulses of official vigilantes and professional patriots. It was going to prove a much more difficult world to be "young and strong and brave" in. When Flynn and Tresca were indicted in 1917 along with a hundred other I.W.W. leaders for violation of the Espionage

Maurice Isserman teaches history at Mount Holyoke College and is the author of If I Had a Hammer: The Death of the Old Left and the Birth of the New Left *(Basic).*

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Act, they chose to cut a deal with government prosecutors. By separating their own cases from those of their erstwhile comrades they delayed legal proceedings until after the wartime hysteria had dissipated, and were thus spared the draconian prison sentences handed out to other defendants. If anyone had asked the I.W.W. prisoners in Leavenworth in 1920 if *they* liked Flynn and Tresca, no one could have blamed them if they had responded, "No! No! No! No!"

The story gets sadder after that. The passion drained out of the Tresca-Flynn affair. Tresca, who had abandoned his immigrant wife and young daughter to take up with Flynn, was notoriously unfaithful. But when he fathered the child of Flynn's younger sister, his betrayal exceeded the limits of his customary recklessness, revealing a capacity for intentional cruelty not otherwise suggested in Gallagher's biography. Tresca and Flynn continued to work together politically on the Sacco-Vanzetti case, but even that tie was severed when Flynn moved to Oregon to recover from an emotional breakdown. When she finally returned to New York in 1936 to join the Communist Party, Tresca had become an outspoken critic of the Stalin regime, and was thus regarded by loyal Communists as a political leper.

Tresca accumulated other enemies over the years, including various Mafia bosses whom he attacked in his newspaper. During the 1920s, he became increasingly preoccupied with events in his native land and helped organize an anti-Fascist movement among Italian immigrants in the United States. Some of the most fascinating and original material in *All the Right Enemies* concerns the Justice Department's legal vendetta against Tresca, undertaken at the behest of the Fascist government in Rome. (Thanks to the Freedom of Information Act, the use of F.B.I. files is now a commonplace of this kind of book; but Gallagher has also managed to unearth the Mussolini government's copious files on Tresca.) Tresca came very close to being deported to Italy, which would have amounted to a death sentence.

By the outbreak of World War II Tresca had few illusions about the prospects for revolution in the United States, but he retained high hopes for the anarchist cause in Italy. Though he looked forward to the destruction of the Mussolini regime, he feared that the Communists and Fascists would strike a deal, a regional version of the Nazi-Soviet Pact that would prevent the Italian working class from coming to power. He did not live to see either his hopes or his fears realized.

In the second half of *All the Right Enemies*, Gallagher shifts narrative strategies, moving from historical exposition to detective investigation. There is no mystery about who pulled the trigger that killed Carlo Tresca. A small-time hoodlum named Carmine Galante was arrested soon afterward, and though he was never brought to trial for the crime, there is no doubt that he was the gunman who stepped out of the shadows that night. But who hired Galante to do the job? Gallagher has a theory (which the conventions of murder-mystery reviewing do not permit me to reveal) and it is persuasive. But as in all good crime stories, the author is determined to preserve suspense as long as possible. And that leads to certain problems in evaluating *All the Right Enemies* as a work of history. The claims of drama are sometimes at war with those of historical judgment, especially in Gallagher's efforts to make the Communist Party a credible suspect in the case (and here I am forced to reveal that, in the end, Gallagher decides that the Communists were not Tresca's killers).

Starting from the indisputable premise that in the 1930s Stalin developed some kind of an apparatus for murdering political opponents abroad, Gallagher spins an elaborate hypothesis linking Vittorio Vidali, an exiled Italian Communist living in Mexico, with assassins in New York. (Under the pseudonym Carlos Contreras, Vidali had been political commissar of the Communist-led Fifth Regiment in the Spanish Republican Army, and was accused of ordering the execution of hundreds of alleged fifth columnists during the Spanish Civil War.) Until Gorbachev decides to institute a Freedom of Information Act for the Comintern's files in Moscow, it will remain impossible to speak authoritatively about the role of individuals like Vidali. The evidence we do possess comes from defectors from the Communist movement, and needs to be handled more gingerly than Gallagher tends to, because the defectors found that exaggeration paid off when it came to testifying before the House Un-American Activities Committee or to negotiating book contracts.

My hunch is that the Communist underground apparatus, at least during the chaotic war years, did not bear much resemblance to the intricate spider web of

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the conspiratorial imagination. While I can only speculate about the validity of Gallagher's conjectures about the international underground, I know that she is presenting a misleading account when she follows her conspiratorial threads to New York. At one point she writes:

> On January 11, 1943, a remarkable coincidence occurred. On the night Carmine Galante reported to his parole officer at 80 Centre Street, Blackie Myers and Louis Goldblatt (a field representative of the International Longshoreman's and Warehouseman's Union) accompanied one Ernest Ramsey to 80 Centre Street while Ramsey reported to his parole officer. Ramsey was a transferred parolee from San Francisco, where in January 1937 he had been sentenced to five years to life for ordering the murder of one George Alberts because, as the prosecutor charged at Ramsey's trial, Alberts was anticommunist. . . . Thus in late 1942 Vidali is in Mexico . . . [and] has . . . connections with the NMU [National Maritime Union]. Blackie Myers is in New York, a member of the Communist Party's National Committee, a vice-president of the NMU, and the associate of a man convicted of complicity in a political murder. . . . Then, coincidentally or not, Blackie Myers with his convict friend and Carmine Galante are all located at 80 Centre Street on the fatal night.

This is hype, not history. First of all, if it was a "remarkable coincidence" that both Ramsey and Galante were at 80 Centre Street that night, it might well have been one determined by their parole officers who, I assume, set up the time for their respective appointments. In any event, a parole office seems an unlikely place for plotting this kind of activity. Secondly, Ramsey was not convicted of complicity in a "political murder." The King-Ramsey-Connor case of 1936 grew out of a labor struggle to organize marine firemen on the California waterfront. George Alberts was not killed in an ideological vendetta because he was "anticommunist" but because he opposed the union. Ramsey and the others denied the prosecution's charges that they ordered goons to beat up Alberts. Charles Larrowe wrote in his biography *Harry Bridges* (1972) that the trial "had the classic earmarks of a frame-up." But even if they were guilty (and those waterfront struggles certainly were violent affairs) the prosecution itself maintained that the original intention of the accused was not to kill Alberts at all but only to throw a scare into him. Things got out of hand. It may not be a pleasant story, but it's also not the story of a "political murder" along the lines of the Trotsky assassination. And whatever one thinks of their politics, to drag Communist trade unionists like Blackie Myers and Louis Goldblatt into this account with the heavy-handed inference that they were consorting with or were themselves G.P.U. assassins does both men a disservice. In the end, Gallagher points the accusing finger elsewhere, but she never goes back to exonerate those she had unjustly implicated.

All the Right Enemies thus has its problems, particularly in the later chapters, but on the whole it is a fine, lively biography of an important and neglected figure in the history of American radicalism. Do I like this book? "Yes! Yes! No! Yes!" □

THE CRICKET

As we were walking
Down a hill of summer light,
In a country where everything
Is beautiful, a cricket
Fell to earth. The click
Of its carapace cut our pace.
Your mother turned around
And so did you. "Phillis
Stepped on it?" The translation
Came through: as if this tall
American brought trouble
Wherever she went. But no,
It only fell from a tree
In a suburb of Tokyo;
Nothing was to blame,
No cause in sight, unless
We hold the breeze
Responsible.
Nothing
In any language, any cry,
Comes near the noise it made:
It was the sound of death,
Death's rattle, an ugly,
Bloodless, insect battle.
It whirred around,
Like a toy a child had wound
Too tight, destroying itself
With its own motion: a final
Alarm, a frantic animal
Mimicking the centuries
In cycle. On and on it went,
Time pierced, all syllables
Absurd, as we stood together
On summer's hill, hearing
Its crude refrain transcribed
In the signature of redundant,
Mechanical pain.

Phillis Levin

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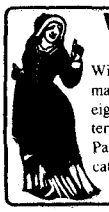

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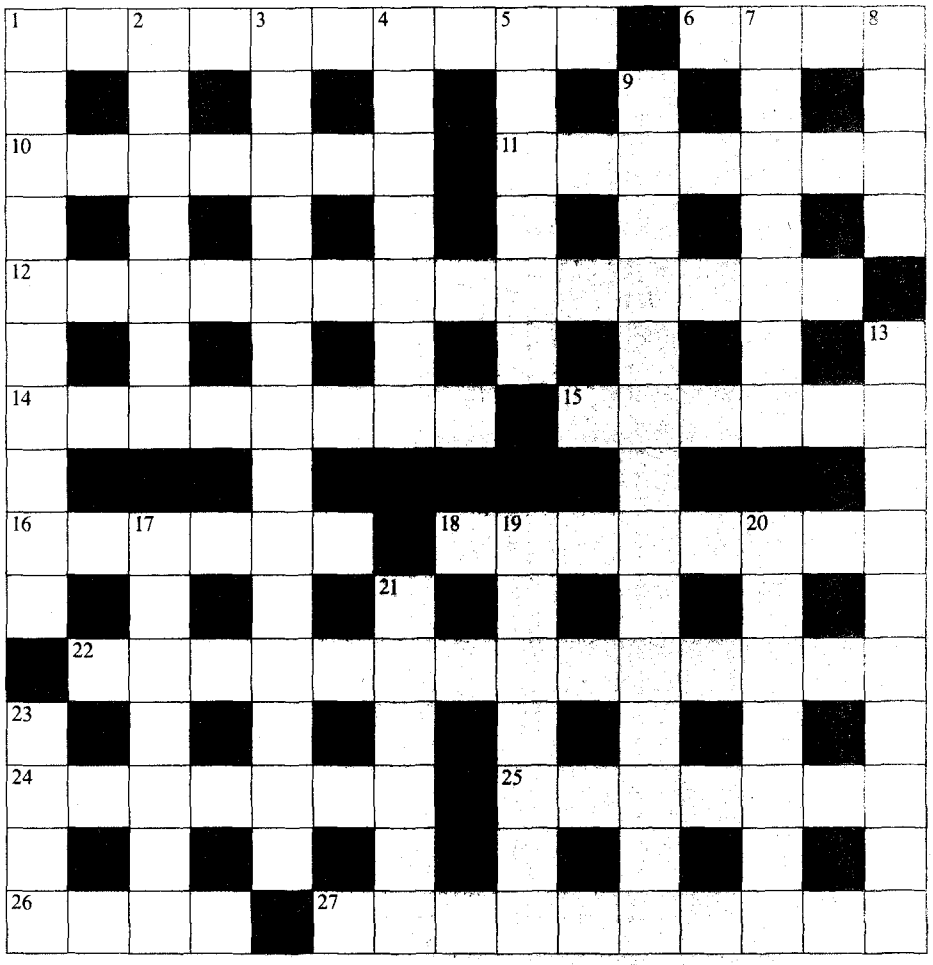

ACROSS

1 It might be an enchanting experience for one to do so. (4,1,5)
6 A more polite term is now senior. (4)
10 Like a prickly pear, it might grow up into a variety of it. (7)
11 The sweeter melodies of Keats? (7)
12 Telling the troops to go right or left, according to the post. (The driver is close by.) (8,6)
14 and 15 Customs declaration, accompanied by a comment on "The Times." (1,7,1,5)
16 Their holdings might be considered valuable by some, but ultimately involve a frame-up. (6)
18 A clump of trees has everything wrong in it, fall being predictably unpleasant with such. (8)
22 The Big Split? (That's what comes between one from the west coast and an easterner.) (3,5,6)
24 Is found in little valleys, but their holdings might be personal. (7)
25 In Panama, the isthmus shows up one who considers something unbelievable! (7)
26 We are told not to be afraid of it while walking in a certain way. (4)
27 Changing form into mass, at what might show up those familiar with many bodies. (10)

DOWN

1 It might be a foreboding sign when they fit under the skull, but old women can get around the boss, in a way. (9)
2 It could be an affectionate gesture, but the bridge player might try one in the end. (7)
3 They must believe in Pope's dictum concerning the proper study of mankind. (14)
4 Sounds like one that can scrape off a little wood is really less fancy. (7)
5 That's one way to dine around a motorboat! (6)
7 It's only me? That's really not good _____! (7)
8 Act—and react—like one dead in comparison. (4)
9 His stories lose something in the translation? (What's the difference, as long as you're healthy!) (6,8)
13 Leading ladies in the old cinemas—one seldom sees their like! (10)
17 One is reputedly now two hours late—perhaps due to his study habits. (7)
19 Off Broadway actors? (Perhaps in *The Forsaken.*) (7)
20 What an investigating reporter does around teatime, perhaps? (In Oklahoma they were walked to in the rain, dry-shod.) (7)
21 What 17 might peruse with not so much clothing? (6)
23 If the old poet had nothing central, he would be egg-shaped. (4)

PUZZLED?

No more cross words. If you don't see why "Lures" are "Ground Rules," send for those of Mr. Lewis to *The Nation*, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

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T	A	N	T	A	M	O	U	N	T	■	O	M	E	N
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R	O	O	S	T	E	R	■	S	P	A	R	R	O	W
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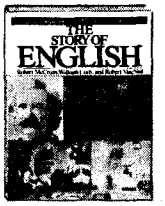

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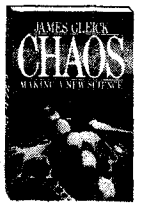

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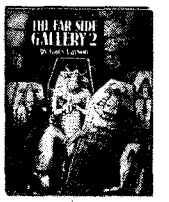

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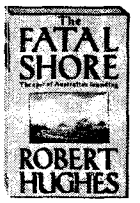

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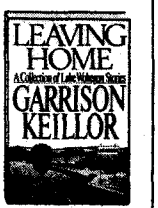

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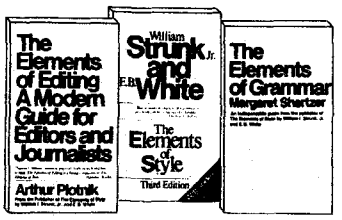
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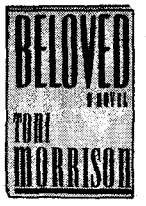

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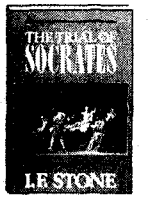

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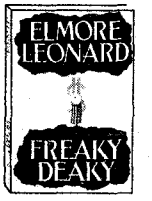

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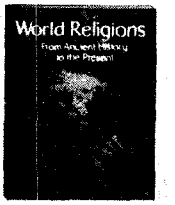

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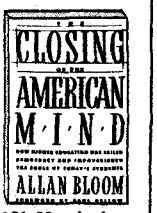

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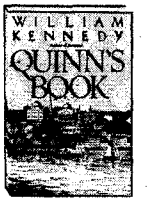

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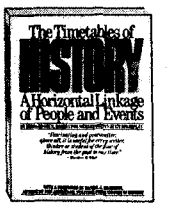

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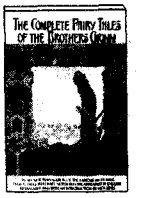

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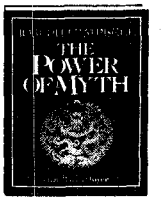

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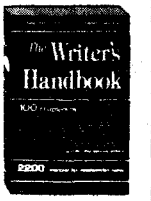

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